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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 13, 1932
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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXX. No. 1699 AUG. 13, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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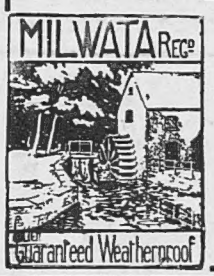

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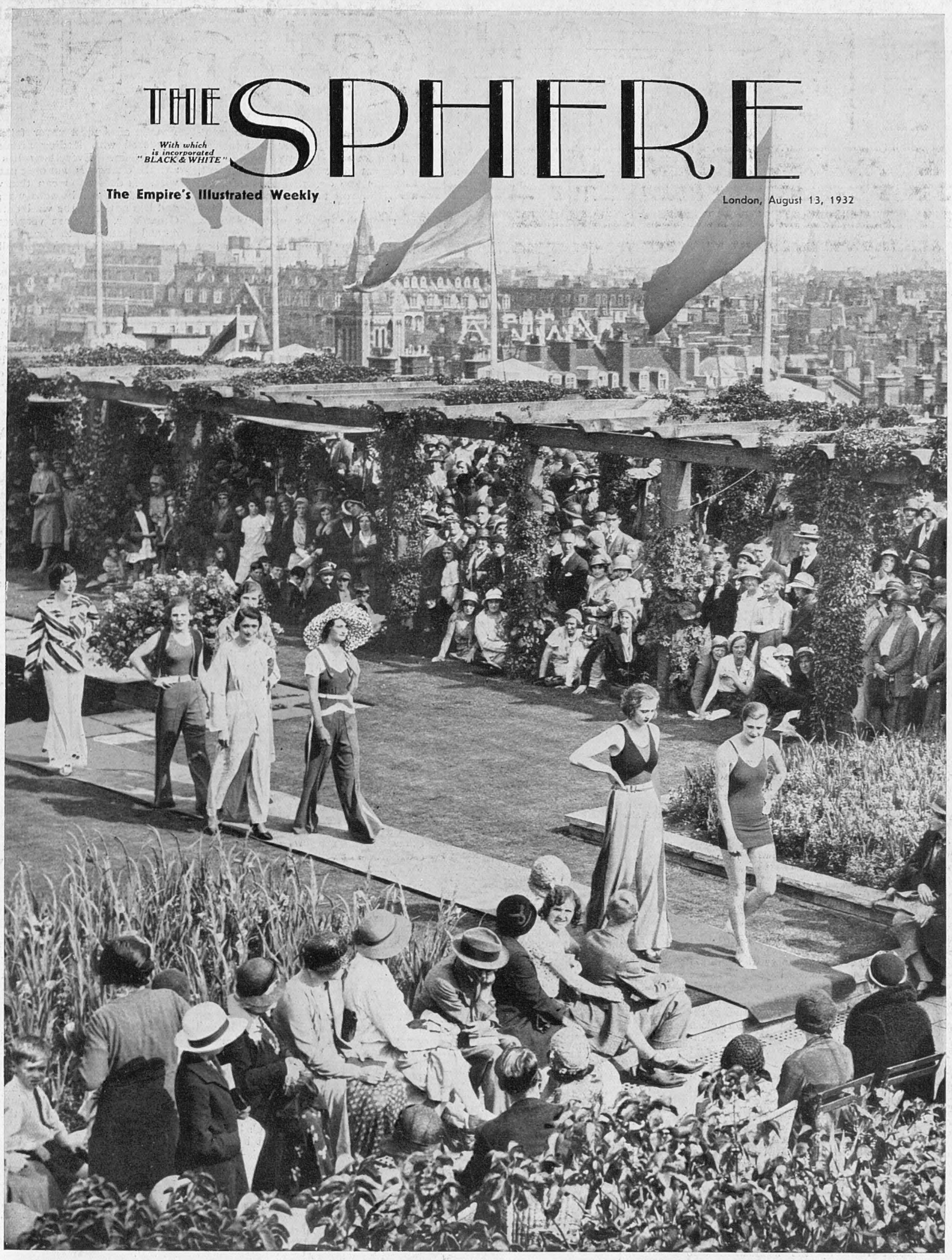
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, August 13, 1932



A HOLIDAY BEACH PARADE ON A LONDON ROOF-TOP

The vexed question of holiday garb has been much discussed during the heat spell. Are trousers suitable for women, many have asked. Women themselves have sought an answer at the great drapery emporia and thither prospective holiday-makers have been flocking. Some of these beach fashion seekers are here seen on the well-known Oxford Street roof-garden. In a delicious setting of breezy arbours attractive mannequins have shown to longing eyes the latest ideas for beach and parade

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

ANOTHER LONDON OPEN-AIR SWIMMING BATH: The number of open-air baths in and immediately around London is steadily increasing. Enfield is the latest one. The whole scheme, which is built within an oval enclosure, has been very well carried out. During the heat of the last week-end it was filled to capacity. Some bathers are seen in the foreground taking a little light refreshment after swimming

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 10, 1932.

DEPARTMENTAL ECONOMIES.—I talked the other day to a man who is, I suppose, one of a very few to whose lot it has fallen to rationalize and axe unchecked a Government Department. The circumstances were unique in that no sentimental considerations interfered. The existing staff was forcibly withdrawn from the country, and he was given a free hand to restaff as requisite. He found it possible to close three-quarters of his depôts and sub-departments, and to reduce his staff from 200 to ten without loss of efficiency. He was dealing with the extravagances of the immediate post-War era under conditions foreign to this country, but his conclusions are sound and apt. He found that the whole crux of the problem of economy and rationalization lay in the statistics and "returns" tyranny. Hosts of unnecessary clerks are in every department engaged in the compilation of "returns" which, once demanded by some panic-stricken chief faced with a question he was not in a position to answer, had become a regular part of the curriculum, although no longer read by the authorities who demanded them.

. . . .

Where suggestions for economizing are passed down to heads of departments it is perfectly certain that no effective axe can ever be wielded. None but an outside dictator can ever achieve serious reforms. For it is truer to-day in Whitehall than ever before that the political heads of departments, who come and go, are twice slaves. They are terrified by questions asked in Parliament and in the Press, and in their inevitable ignorance of much of the detail of their subject they are thrown back to a more humiliating dependence on the permanent officials, who do not hesitate to apply the politer forms of tyranny and blackmail when the efficiency or *personnel* of their departments are called into review. The redundancy of statistical sections is the key to the departmental economy problem. The whole system of being "ready for awkward questions" with figures, of keeping the window dressed for the inquisitive eye, is the rotten cause of Civil Service squandermania. If the department is efficient, time will disprove charges brought against it. It is terror of democracy that causes half the waste of public money.

I.L.P.—By a recent decision taken at Bradford, the Labour Party has lost an embarrassing recruit. With a veiled and ambiguous threat the I.L.P. has declared its secession from the Labour Party and leaves itself free to bring about its own conception of "Socialism in our time" by methods which may not be of blood and fire but will certainly be revolutionary; that is to say, by methods which will go beyond the employment only of political and industrial strength. This secession instantly involves henceforth the existence, not only in national but also in local politics, of a small, fiery, and obstinate body of revolutionaries and obstructionists who will continue to make their voices heard above the mass voices which sing in constitutional harmony if not in unison. This Bradford decision appears at first sight to be a distinct gain to the country. The Labour Party—a party which, so long as we exist by party government, is both necessary and helpful in political life—is relieved from a tiresome embarrassment and is free to pursue its constructive and constitutional programme without being compelled to weak and illogical compromises to satisfy its strident minority. And the country is relieved to find that an element of undiscipline, discontent, disruption and destruction, is split into an insignificant unit and bereft of the only medium through which its views can reach the public with authority. The principles of Bolshevism have never appealed to the British race; their best chance of finding favour with an important section of the nation was during the decade immediately succeeding the War. It is startling to realize how that appeal has weakened since the General Strike. At the present moment, there is no more barren ground for the seed than this country. The I.L.P., if its programme entail violence and if it abandon the constitutional method of enforcing its views of socialism, has a long and a very lonely row to hoe. It may be that to-day it is turning anxious or curious eyes on Ireland where the elements of communism and revolution are clearly engaged in a struggle for power with better chances of success.

THE GREAT CONVERSION.—When the nimble accountants have worked it all out and chalked it all up, I fancy we shall be justified in declaring that high hopes have been realized and that 75 per cent. and more conversion to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest has resulted. And that means a saving in debt service in perpetuo of eighteen millions every year. The British Government is learning at last that, if it must flatter, it may also trust the people. In thus trusting the people voluntarily to add the last straw to its back-breaking load, the Government must, in return, show the nation that it too keeps faith. There is a pledge implicit in the great Conversion scheme, to employ the money saved to the Exchequer in the early reduction of the load of taxation, and to find the means of making even larger economies to the same end. At the moment, the position of the thrifty citizen is not enviable. He is taxed beyond his strength and finds every reasonably safe source of income larger than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. closed to him by the overwhelming shadow of this premier security. The scheme has played havoc with genuine investment counters. They are not to be had for love or money.

THE TWELFTH.—I cannot account for it and I cannot cure it. When the 12th August comes round again, I have the same overpowering longing to be on the right side of the Grampians. Yet I am not so keen as I was thirty years back to walk up grouse over deep heather and under a burning sun, and I much prefer to drive them in early September rather than in mid August. And it is not a mere longing for fresher air and damper atmospheres. One's English gardens are at their best now, the lawns never more green, the herbaceous borders thick and colourful. Thanks to a wet July, there is none of that used-up feeling to complain of. We are not tired of the sun's heat. I am not attached to Scotland by hereditary ties. It is just that this—for the Englishman—is Scotland's season, and I am an Englishman who loves blindly everything Scotch (even its whisky, in moderation; even the streets of Glasgow on a wet Saturday night). It is Scotland's solitude for which I crave; the prospect of range beyond range of hills with hardly a human habitation in sight. We in Southern England live nowadays in a perpetual queue, and the greatest change and luxury we can enjoy is solitude.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.—The eighteenth anniversary of the outbreak of War passed with little notice in the Press. This is the first year since the War that the inevitable shrinkage of the importance of the anniversary as a subject for press comment has been clearly observed. During the first decade of peace the Fourth of August never failed to be honoured with leading articles in all newspapers. Everything has its day, and the change is not only natural but wise. It does not mean that we forget those who died, because we give less and less notice to the vital dates of the Great War. We are very much concerned just now to forget the bitternesses of the War. We are all anxious no longer to keep "a mournful feud alive which else had died," and our hearts and minds are full of world conferences for lasting peace in civilization. So long as men are men and women women, the tragedy and the heroism of the War will be green in our memory without artificial aids, and, for the rest, the subject is better relegated to the history books. It is not a chapter of history of which the living generations are likely to reveal a lamentable ignorance.

COWES AND CANTERBURY.—The social centres best patronized during the first week of August are Cowes and Canterbury. Cowes has not attracted record crowds and the weather has proved better for racing than for lounging and sight-seeing. But there has been plenty to talk about and to watch on the lawns. *Imprimis*, the King's notable successes in *Britannia*, and a very successful dance or two, and many air stunts in planes and flying boats, not least those provided by the redoubtable Mrs. Bruce for whom the earth is nothing more than a *pied à terre*. And all along the Hampshire coast opposite Wight, in the creeks and inlets where Test and Lymington, Beaulieu and Avon rivers discharge into the Solent, the smaller fry of yachtsmen are eternally busy overhauling their crafts, wearing bright-coloured Neapolitan head coverings. And indeed all Nursery romance just now is to be found in the gold-fringed lagoons of Beaulieu and Buckler's Hard or the winding river and blue and silver roads of Lymington or under the grey old walls of Yarmouth. But Tennyson's Down has worn too long its sinister and sombre covering of sea-fog, which obscures even the coloured sands of Alum Bay and the jagged points of the Needles, when the sky elsewhere is clear.

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The Men of Kent have first claim on the Canterbury Festival. They resist change. Their programmes are unvarying. The Old Stagers hand on the torch from father to son. The grandsons and great-grandsons of Spencer Ponsonby and his cronies are playing the parts to-day in which he convulsed the House two or three generations ago. The spirit of I Z. is best understood and best kept alive in Kent, and Canterbury folk observe with pride and without surprise the glass of fashion in evening dress embellished with bowties of black, red, and old gold. There is no "damned merit" about the blue ribbon of the Garter, but the sash of I Z. adorns the breasts only of men who have proved by many a gruelling test that they can play the greatest game in the way it should be played. The matches this year have been rather one-sided affairs, but mercifully the fun is not over when stumps are drawn. All things considered, Canterbury has no reason to complain of the social and financial success of her festival.

TEAM MAKING.—It is (relatively) important that we should win the first Test Match this winter. These five games are going to illumine and colour the drab months of 1933 for many of us, and the odds being laid against us, an initial victory will keep the interest alive. What a joke it will be if our despised bowling team carries all before it and our batsmen prove the weaker spot! We have now enough counters to complete the jig-saw puzzle, and the pavilion fans

sletter

all over the Empire are busy team making. In order to be in the movement and to make the Old Country safe for the first Test, I have completed my team for that match. It is a talented bit of work. It gives us ten batsmen (including four wizards) all capable of making a century in first-class cricket, seven bowlers all capable of rattling out a first-class county team at any rate; and in the field it is unexceptional. Here goes: Sutcliffe, Ames, Duleepsinghi, Jardine, Hammond, Wyatt, Robins, Allen, Brown, Larwood, Voce. True, the bowlers have still got to prove that they can bowl more than an occasional good ball.

THE ALL-DREADED THUNDER-STONE.—The all-pervading qualities of news reporting nowadays—in the press, and on the screen and on the wireless—appear to magnify the natural phenomena which are our common human experience. Take two examples. We hear so much about the weather that it seems to us to be different from the conditions which obtained in our fathers' childhood. We are for ever experiencing "records"—records of summer cold or winter heat, records of rainfall, flood, heat, and drought. The probable explanation is very simple: our fathers were more inclined to accept the weather and other things as they came, and to talk less about them. And then take lightning. All who have read the papers exhaustively of late must believe that the malignity of lightning has suddenly increased. In a few days we have seen recorded an alarming death-roll from lightning. Single flashes have killed four hundred sheep (armed neither with steel shafted golf clubs nor umbrellas) and have struck down impartially working men and the sons of noblemen.

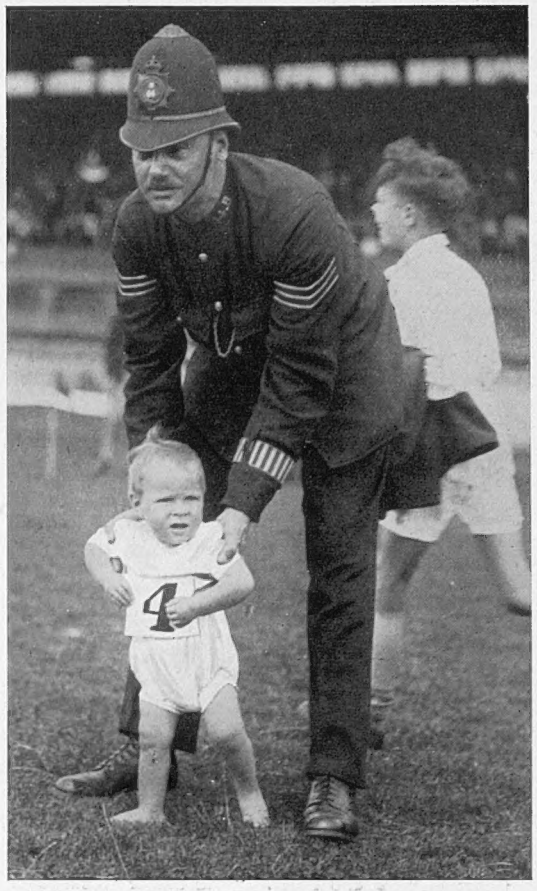
. . . .

Has something happened then to provoke the malignity of lightning? Is it this (cursed?) Radio, is it the revenge of Olympus for our Promethean Hubris? I believe not. It is quite clear from Shakespeare that in the sixteenth century thunder and lightning inspired universal terror and caused heavy loss of life. Its malignity has probably not increased since the age of Elizabeth. But men grow careless, especially with pride and security, and it were no bad thing if the officials who are paid to safeguard our lives and health would issue a clear warning of what is the wise course to adopt when caught in a thunderstorm. We are taught in the nursery not to shelter under trees. We are beginning to add to our list of "don'ts"—*don't* stand in the open, *don't* shelter in a tin-roofed hut, *don't* open an umbrella, *don't* carry a gun or golf club. What is the virtue of rubber insulation, if any? I recently asked this question in THE SPHERE and got answers from America only. Is there safety in rubber soles and in rubber tyres? Is the inside of a motor car a place of comparatively sure refuge? Will some scientific reader reply?

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.—You cannot force enthusiasms upon people. We in England are ready enough to go mad about sports. At various times we have kicked over the traces in our delirium about lawn tennis, test cricket, and cup football. But hitherto, athletics and the Olympic games have failed to stir our blood. When I was invited to subscribe to the costs of sending our team out to Los Angeles, I was forewarned that no thinking man could question the supreme importance for Britain's reputation and morale of our making a good showing in the games. In replying with my mite of assistance, I was forced to declare myself as one of the unthinking. For I could not forbear to confess that in my opinion the success or failure of our team at Los Angeles could by no possibility affect our national morale or reputation. At the present stage in the contest, America is first and the rest nowhere. Many of our champions have gone down before the Americans, who have scored thrice as many points as the rest of the world lumped together. Stands Britain where she did? In my estimation, yes. And so does America. That great country bulks no greater for her truimphs on the track.

I confess that I take the same sober view about the results of the Wimbledon finals and the cricket Tests. I don't think that those spectacular and breathless contests have any importance beyond the summer evening in which they are fought to a finish. And with regard to Olympic games, I add a special rider: In the past (a memory which we are glad to forget) they were a definite cause of racial and international irritation. In short, in common with many of my countrymen, I cannot enthuse about the Olympic Games.

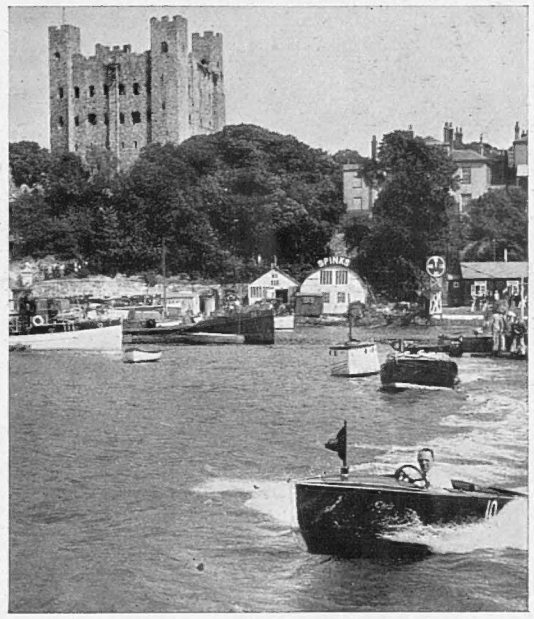
THE OLD STAGER.



GUARDIAN OF ALL THE AGES: The London police last week-end held their forty-second annual athletic sports at Stamford Bridge, and some nascent policemen of very tender age took part in the sports

ROBERT GUARDS A JUVENILE SUN-BATHER: The enthusiasm of some parents for sun-bathing garb for their children has rendered some supervision necessary. This tiny mite is passed as "within the law"

A NEW OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT FOR LONDON: Light refreshments are now served in the open court of the Victoria and Albert Museum, a welcome innovation during the hot spells of August. The Renaissance setting is very picturesque

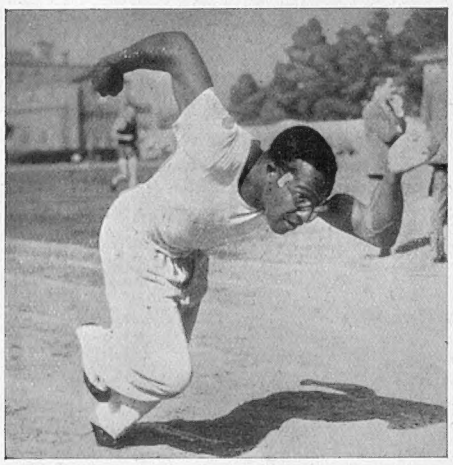


UNDER GUNDULPH'S MASSY KEEP: If the Prince-Bishop who built Rochester keep had stood on his ancient battlements last Saturday he would have seen the first annual rally of the Motor Boat Association taking place on the waters of the Medway

POPULARITY OF THE GREYHOUND: Lady Chesham is an enthusiastic owner and breeder of greyhounds. *On left,* Henfold (the dam), and *right,* Latimer Hebe (one of its progeny)

WHITE WINGS IN THE SKY: The London to Newcastle air race held on Saturday of last week from Brooklands. Miss Fidelia Crossley, the only woman pilot in the race, is here seen adjusting her flying kit before setting off in her Comper Swift. The race was won by the Hon. R. Westenra

OLYMPIC SPORT

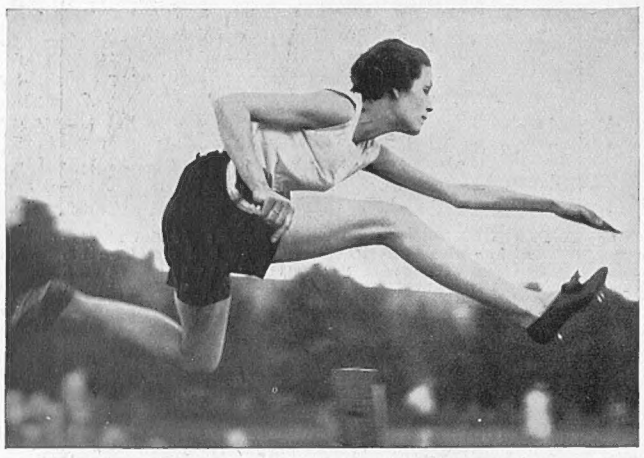


A NEW 100-METRE RECORD: Won by Eddie Tolan, negro sprinter, in the new Olympic time of 10⅗ secs.

JAPANESE GIRL SWIMMERS ARRIVE AT LOS ANGELES: They form part of the Japanese Olympic team now assembled at the Olympic Games which consists of no fewer than seventy-five athletes and thirty-one officials. This swimming team wears a neat uniform of blue jacket and béret. "Old Stager" comments on the Olympic Games on another page

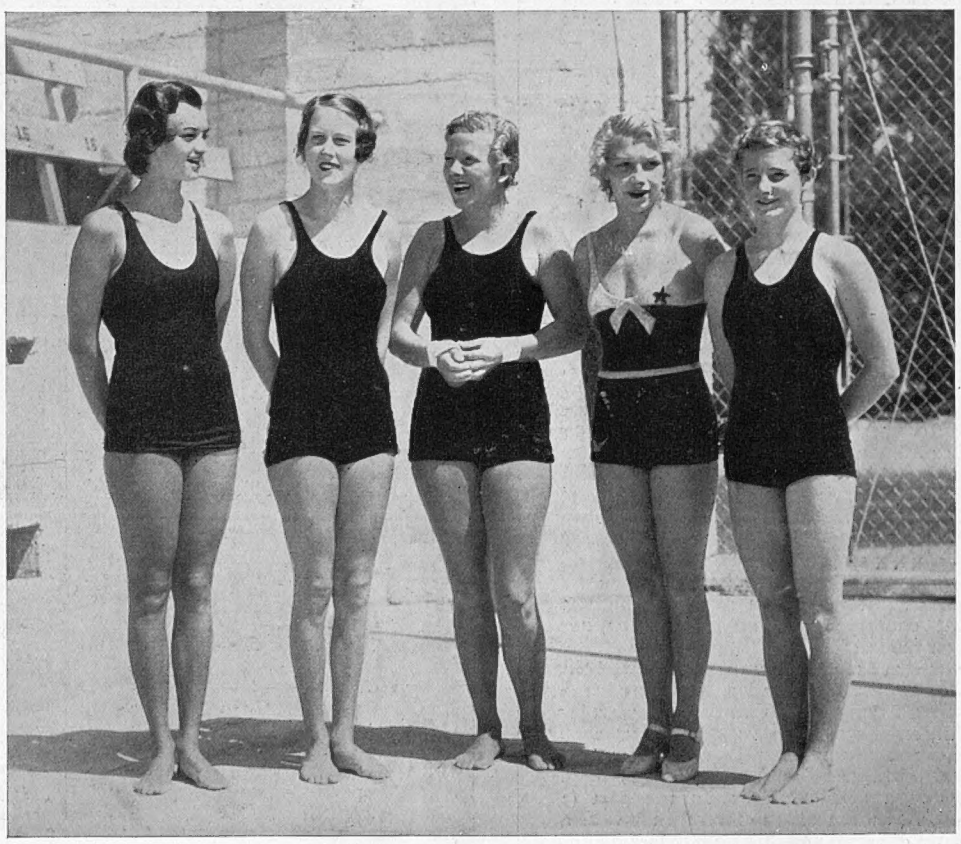
WEIGHTY WEIGHT-LIFTERS: The German contingent present a massy exterior when assembled in Olympic Village. The big fellow in the centre is Strassberger, a champion

CANADIAN ATHLETES TAKE THEIR EASE: These women athletes from Canada are seen dining at the Chapman Park Hotel, the official quarters of the women competitors and attendant staff taking part in the Olympic Games



A BRITISH WOMAN'S GOOD RECORD: Miss Violet Webb (Britain) has done well in the 80-metres hurdles, an event in which she competed in the finals

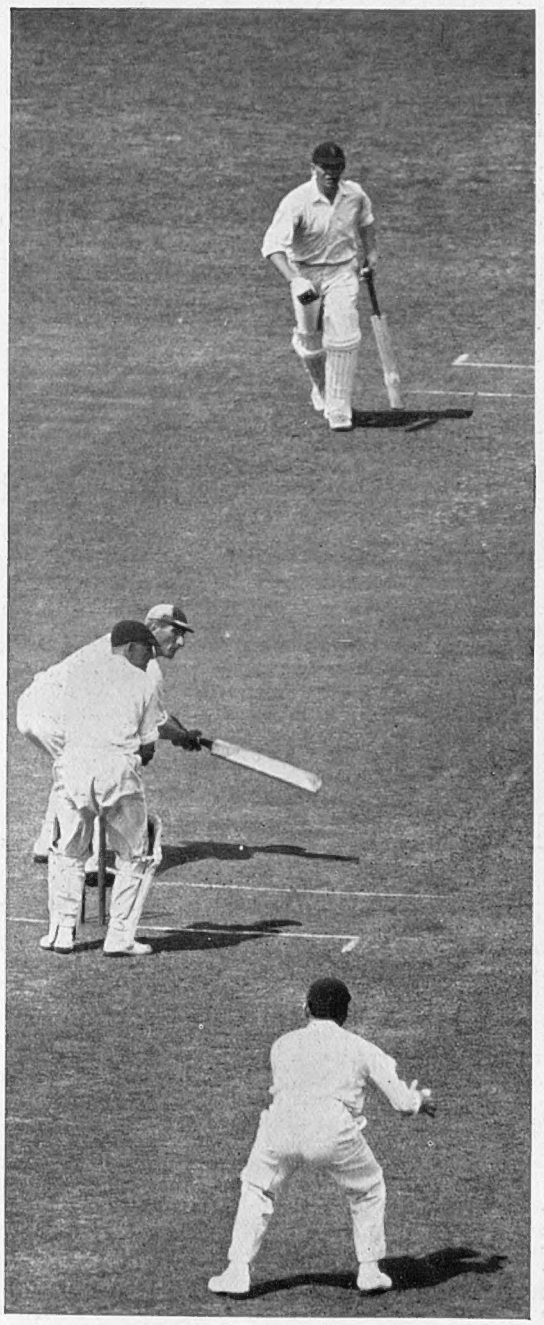
AMERICA'S WRESTLING TEAM AT PRACTICE: On the green-sward facing Olympic Village this wrestling team goes through its daily practice



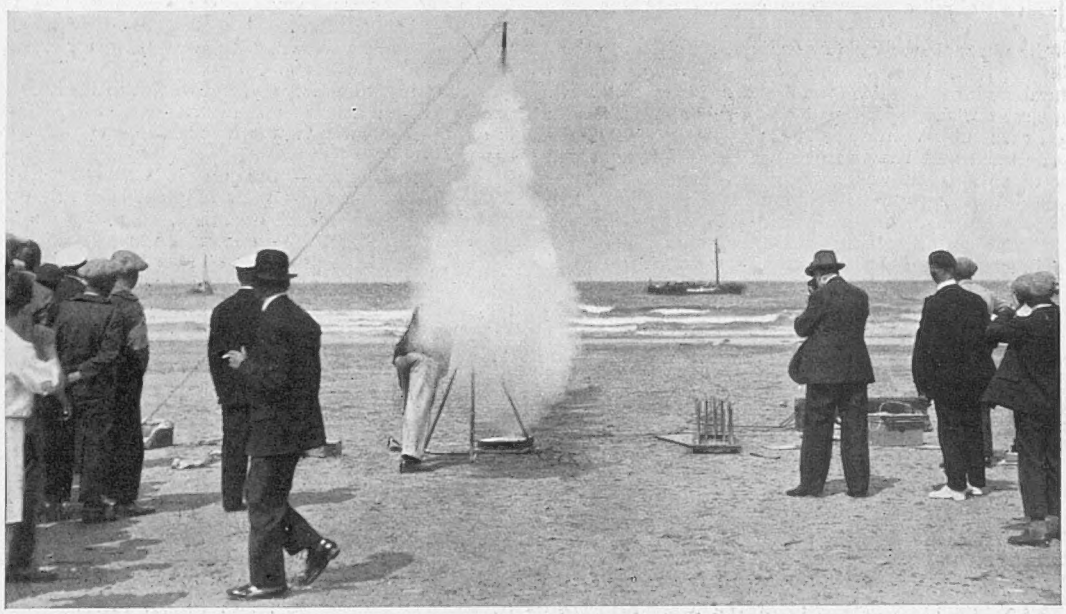
FIVE DIVING MERMAIDS: Jane Fox, Marion Roper, Georgia Colman, Dorothy Poynton, and Catherine Rawls are representing the United States in the diving events now taking place in the huge Stadium at Los Angeles

OUT IN THE OPEN THESE DAYS

THE TAM-O'-SHANTERED TANK-MEN AT EXERCISE: The 3rd Battalion of the 1st Brigade of the Royal Tank Corps has been carrying out a series of manœuvres on Salisbury Plain. The men, who are here receiving instructions for the day's work, present a somewhat unusual appearance, their head-dress being a blend of tam-o'-shanter and béret



CRICKET AT ITS BEST: The Oval witnessed excellent cricket, played in the old tradition, when Jardine and Brown partnered against Middlesex



A BRITISH LIFE-SAVING WIN AT OSTEND: In the International Life-Saving Competition held at Ostend a few days ago, Great Britain scored with the Schermuly life-saving apparatus. A pistol rocket of the English type is here seen being fired to a lifeboat 350 yards away and registering a hit

PHYSICAL JERKS BY THE SEASHORE: All round the coast of Britain holiday-makers are taking part in physical training contests. This contest was taking place at Margate, the contestants being judged by their efforts in Swedish drill

BY THE AUGUST SHORE:

STRANGE LIGHTS AT SEA

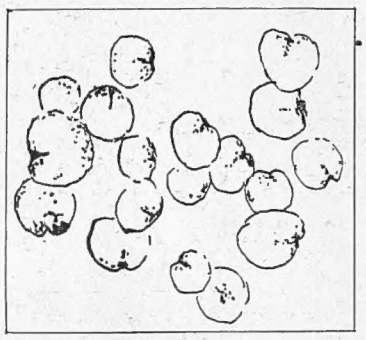
How these Extraordinary Exhibitions of Luminosity Occur is Told Here by a Sea Captain who has been Many Times Round the Horn

By Capt. RICHARD CRAVEN

I wonder how many people give a passing thought to the wonderful displays of "natural luminosity and electricity" that Nature deals out so lavishly. Free wonderful gifts of beauty for all and sundry to enjoy, rich and poor alike. On land, then high in the heavens above, and again in the waters of the ocean examples of her generous gifts can be found.

One of the most wonderful phenomena is that of "Phosphorescence of the Sea," or as it is more properly called "Luminosity," sometimes termed "a Milky Sea" by seamen and ocean travellers. A sight that is at once uncannily weird and wonderful.

Some years ago when crossing the Arabian Sea on a passage from Aden to Singapore we experienced a magnificent display of this luminosity. The night was dark and clear, with an almost cloudless sky above, whilst a gentle north-east monsoon breeze fanned joy to all on board. Just one of those ecstatic tropical evenings so often met with in the Indian Ocean around about Christmas time. Those of us whose pocket and position ran to the extent of possessing a deck chair were snugly reclining therein at peace with all the world.



PLANKTON (NOCTILUCA – SCINTILLANS)

Not a ship in sight, nothing marred the sea surface as far as the distant horizon, save and except the dancing lights cast down by the starry gems in the sky overhead. Suddenly a peculiar whitish line appeared on the horizon ahead and gradually extended right across from one bow to the other, becoming more weird as we approached nearer to it. It seemed as though we were steaming full speed ahead towards destruction amongst the breakers of a beach, yet we knew that we were hundreds of miles distant from any known shores.

The phenomenon quickly brought all sitters to their feet, and even the watch-below of seamen clambered to the deck and gazed in wonderment. The sea surface, which had previously appeared calm and peaceful save for the slight ripples, now assumed an agitated and heaving appearance, and it appeared as though a sea was getting up. Once inside the area of luminosity the ship seemed to be engulfed in an ever varying blaze of lights, large and small, some more intense than others.

Patches here and there seemed to be circling around in a small area switching their brilliant lights on and off with regularity, others again with diffused lights were more content simply bobbing up and down with the apparent heaving of the sea surface. The whole appeared like a miniature prototype of the Milky Way in the heavens above. Individual lights, more brilliant than the rest, flared up here and there for a second, and then as abruptly became extinguished, the whole display forming a brilliant and weird phenomenon.

The ship as she surged along created bow waves that presented a mass of highly luminous gems, tumbling and rolling one over the other with quite an oily effect, as the myriads of little organisms disturbed in their peaceful surroundings seemed to make an extra effort at luminosity by way of protest against the rude disturbance. Rubbing their way against the sides of the ship towards the wake astern they shone even more lustrously, so much so that an observer standing near the ship's taffrail could easily read printed matter.

Away in the wake or "cavitation" astern of the ship, all was confusion, for the powerful twin propellers continually churned up the luminous creatures into a helpless mass, tossed hither and thither in wild, helpless confusion. The phenomenon lasted about fifteen minutes from first to last, then developed into an intermittent display by group areas, now shining with intense luminosity and suddenly decreasing to a low, diffused light, or else "switched-off" altogether, and simultaneously all would blaze forth again as beautiful as before, until finally left far out of sight astern of the ship.

The apparent heaving of the sea was an illusion probably caused by the ever-changing beams of luminosity, some more powerful than others crossing and re-crossing each other at varying angles. We frequently get examples of this apparent heaving of the sea surface during foggy weather on a calm day. Peering through the varying densities of the fog or mist one would imagine there's quite a swell getting up, yet when the fog lifts a few minutes later we find the sea as calm and serene as before.

Awesome and uncanny as the luminosity appeared when in full display, most of the observers seemed more overawed than even at its sudden disappearance and the change to what seemed impenetrable darkness, and it was some minutes ere one's eyes became accustomed to the sudden transition. Peering through the darkness of the night the outline of the distant horizon gradually manifested itself across the still, calm sea surface, and the starry gems above restarted to cast their dancing images on the waters.

By this time it was eight bells (11 p.m.), and there was little thought of bed or bunk by passengers or crew, for all alike sought reverie in the proverbial cup of tea judging by the clatter of crockery ware; meanwhile, weird and woolly theories were extolled as to the cause of the phenomenon we had recently experienced. What they didn't know, they made up, for romancing was justified on such a glorious tropical night.

These luminous displays are not confined to fine weather conditions, for at a later date when crossing the Indian Ocean bound to the Island of Ceylon, in the month of June, we had another experience but under quite different weather conditions, and which proved even more weird and uncanny than before. The south-west monsoon was blowing in full force, with strong and gusty squalls; a long, heaving, turbulent sea was running, whilst the air was damp and hazy, all of which tended to impart a feeling of miserable depression to all on board. Everyone seemed grumpy in the typical south-west monsoon weather.

Such conditions tended to make the sudden appearance of a luminous sea much more weird than formerly. The field of lights was not so continuous as in calm weather, but instead showed up more as individual areas of intense lights, made more uncanny still by the actual heaving of the sea. Now the lights would flare up in all their glory, to be just as suddenly extinguished, then to flash out again simultaneously a second or two later.

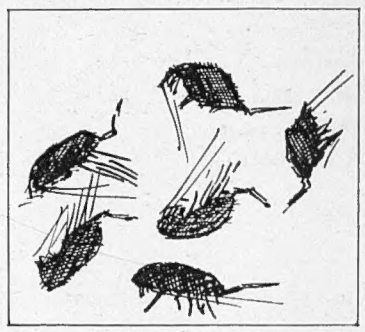
Groups of lights in one direction vied with others as to brilliance—then all would become extinguished simultaneously, as though there were some clever telepathic or electric communication existing between the various groups. The sea seemed to have become unduly rough, and threatened every moment to ship one on board, with a wetting for anyone standing near. But she did not ship one, and surged along in her own sweet way, and when the phenomenon finally passed astern lost in the mist the sea was exactly the same as it was before the luminosity was sighted.

This luminosity of the sea is caused by several forms of life from a low order of plant life to that of a more highly developed organism, some very small, others again larger, the whole abounding in countless myriads on the sea surface, and they incidentally form the prime food or staff of life for nearly all fish in the sea, and more especially to their young fry, whilst a baleen whale with wide open jaws expects to gather up from one to two tons as a meal.

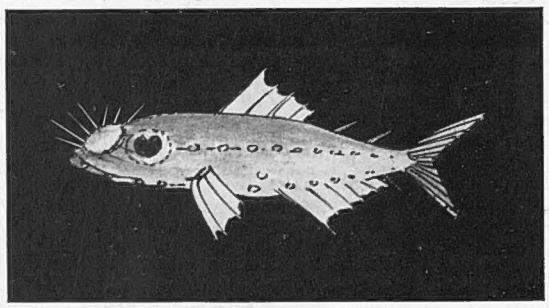
In the above sketches (magnified) we have two very common forms or agents in the displays of luminosity. On the left plankton or noctiluca-scintillans, and on the right copepoda or pseudocalanus-elongatus, but there are also many other species, even to the larger jellyfish. A very interesting point in connection with this luminosity is that it occurs in salt water only, not in fresh.

The ancients were well aware of this phenomenon, and many believed that it was caused by some mystic or supernatural agency, and for centuries its cause remained a mystery, some going as far as to believe that the waters absorbed the sunlight during the day and shed it as luminosity during the dark hours of the night. Franklyn, in the year A.D. 1750, determined that the sea and what it contained was the sole cause, and at about the same time two scientists named Vianelli and Guixellani discovered a small creature in the waters of the Mediterranean Sea that emitted a bluish light when disturbed, and they later established the fact that creature and organic life in the sea was the origin of so-called phosphorescence of the sea, or luminosity.

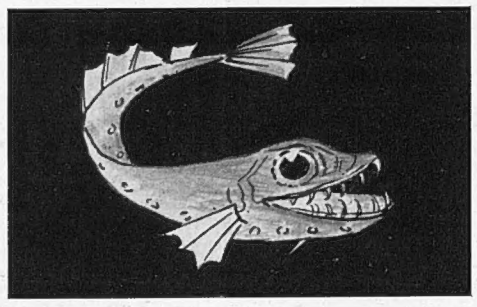
Since those far off days much time and expense have been devoted to research work in the sea, both as regards its surface and deep down in its lowermost depths, and the results obtained have been wonderful indeed. Deep down there are fish with highly developed organs for luminosity of wonderful construction and disposition, and to quote but two examples we have a sketch below. On the left side there is the the ætheroprora-effulgens, caught at a depth of 10,000 ft. in tropical seas. This fish gives a beautiful light, and its name signifies a flashing-light-at-the-bows, and evidently so named by some sailorman standing near by when the specimen was landed. The right-hand sketch shows a fearsome, snake-like creation named the cyclothone-elongatus, caught off the coasts of Papua or New Guinea at a depth of about 13,000 ft. It has an enormous gape, and is capable of rapid speed, its light power being more brilliant than that of the average luminous fish.



COPEPODA (PSEUDOCALANUS–ELONGATUS)



ÆTHEROPRORA–EFFULGENS



CYCLOTHONE–ELONGATUS

I have quoted but a few examples out of a vast number, simply to show how lavish Mother Nature has been in dealing out natural luminosity even to very small fishes, and quite a number of volumes have been written on this subject alone. Not in the sea alone, but also on the land, we have many examples of this wonderful facility bestowed by Nature, whether for defence or attack, or as an extra attraction towards the opposite sex during the mating time, as readily as human beings dress up in their Sunday best, plus sweetest of manners, in an effort to woo.

A very handy subject within reach of all is the simple glow-worm or firefly so common in the hedgerows of the countryside, and even seen in your gardens during the warm summer evenings; they display natural luminosity as they flit or crawl about mystically. By day the female appears as a dull brown, grubby sort of wingless insect as she crawls listlessly amongst the leaves, like any ordinary garden beetle, whilst the male on the other hand presents a better appearance, being of a softer brown colour, longer body, and wide-spreading wings.

But with the coming of night the female becomes the more resplendent, for now she shines brightly in the hedgerow, whilst the light from the male is a faint diffused light from two pin points at the end of the tail. Both sexes feed largely on snails and slugs, so apart from their charming luminosity they are indeed good friends of the gardener. They are common in most parts of the world, even in far-off New Zealand; in Japan it was a common practice to place several in a bottle, and use it as a means of getting along the dark roads.

Not only have we many examples of natural luminosity, but there are also many examples of natural electricity, a gift from Nature to some fish or organism. The electric eel or gymnotus-electrica, so common in the warm waters of rivers in South America, can deliver a powerful electric shock to man or beast that attempts to disturb it. These fish have a rounded body with hardly discernible scales, and a length of about 6 ft. when fully grown. The electric organs are double, and lie one above the other, along the body of the fish. The shocks are given with much force and rapidity, until the fish becomes tired or exhausted, then they can be safely handled.

Nearer home we have the eyed-torpedo fish, or torpedo-oculata, frequently found on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and even captured around our own coasts. A large torpedo attains a length of about 4 ft. and a weight of 60 lb. It has been proved beyond doubt that a shock from a torpedo is real electricity, for, by experiment, needles have been magnetized by it and the electrometer used gave decided proof of the electric fluid that had been sent through it. The upper surface of the fish corresponds to the copper plate of a battery, whilst the lower surface corresponds to the zinc plate, the general structure of the electrical organs of the fish being very complex indeed.

So on right through Nature we can find examples far too numerous to mention in the short space of this paper, where Nature has endowed some creature or

(Continued on p. 252)

FROM MANY PARTS

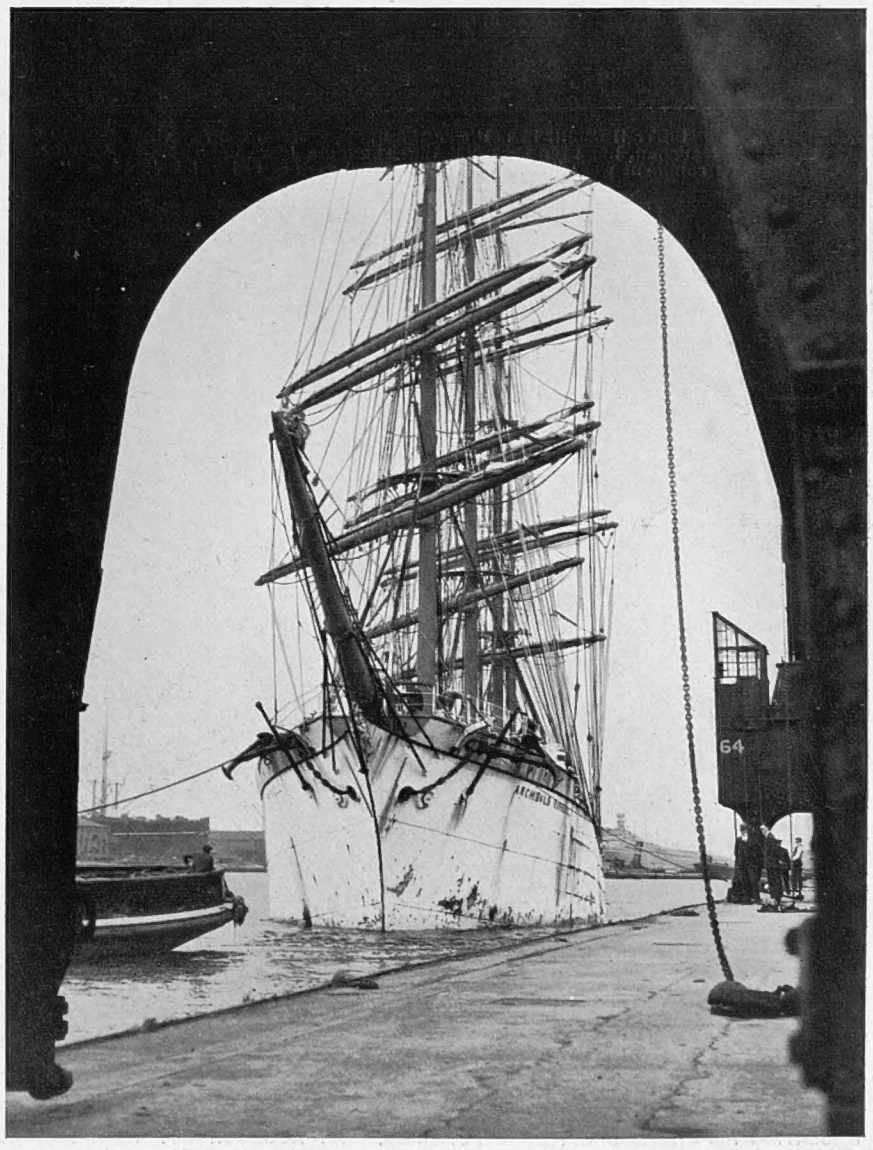
HONOURED BY HIS OWN LAND: The Portuguese authorities have just made a graceful gesture in giving the late ex-King Manoel a State funeral in Lisbon. Here the military cortège is seen passing through the streets of the capital flanked by troops with reversed arms

BELLIGERENTS IN THE BONUS BATTLE: Towards the end of July the U.S. authorities decided to clear Washington of the presence of the so-called Bonus Army. This action met with considerable resistance

HOW THE BONUS ARMY CAMP WAS CLEARED: The military authorities were drawn in to clear the Bonus Army camp at Washington. It was decided to use tear-gas as the least dangerous method of effecting this end

AFTER EVACUATION: The above picture was taken on July 29, the day after the struggle which resulted in the complete evacuation and destruction of the Bonus Army Camp. Many of the evacuated shacks were still smoking

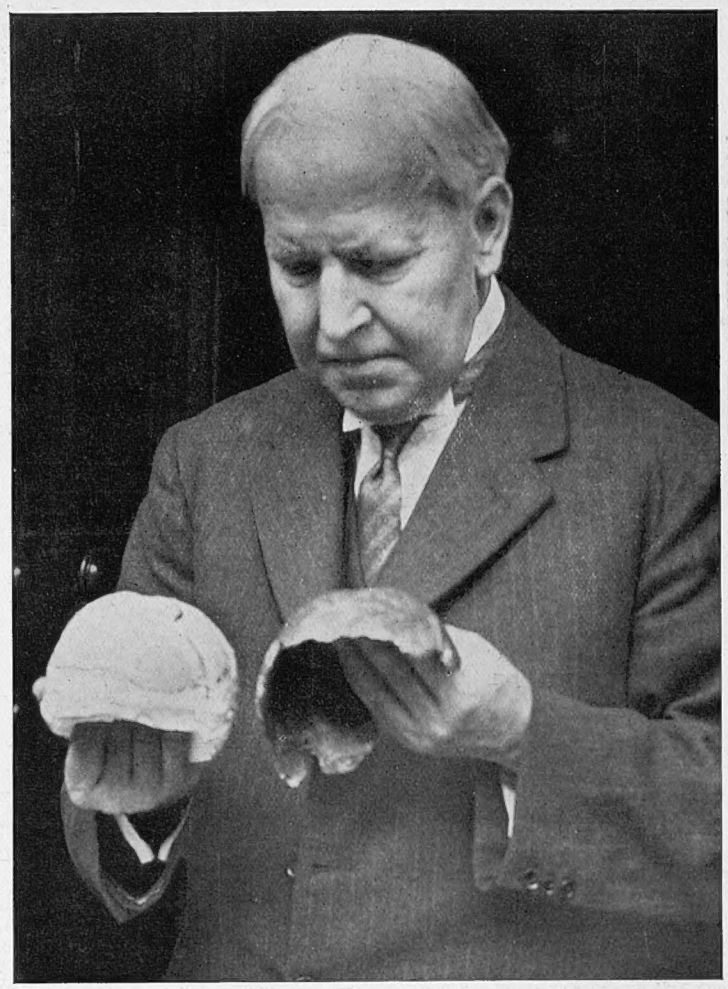
CONVEYED IN A BRITISH CRUISER TO PORTUGAL: The last chapter in the pathetic story of ex-King Manoel's prolonged exile in England came to an end last week when his body was placed on board the British cruiser *Concord* for conveyance to Lisbon, where he now lies with other monarchs of the House of Braganza



AFTER A VOYAGE OF FOURTEEN MONTHS: The steel-built four-master, *Archibald Russell*, started from London in June of last year. She is now back again in the Victoria Docks, having had an adventurous voyage from South Australia *via* Cape Horn. Storms had delayed her a month

WHO'S THE OLDEST WOMAN?

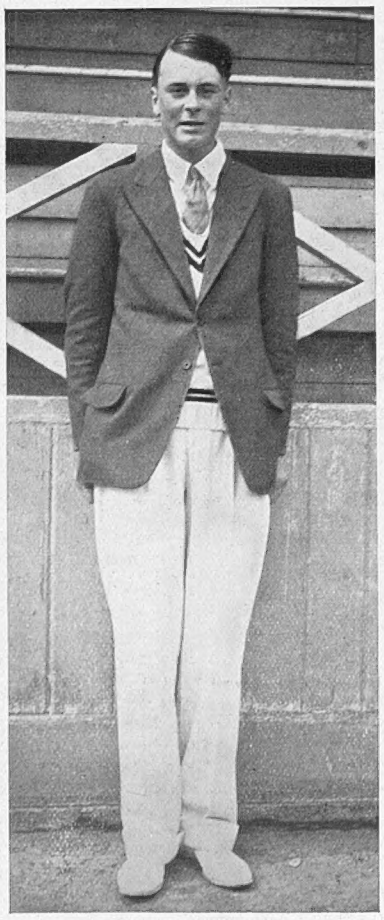
THE AGE OF MAN IN DISPUTE: There was some difference at the Conference of Archæologists at King's College last week over the relative age of the famous relics of early man. Miss Dorothy Garrod (*second from left*) contests the point that the skull found on the site of Lloyds in the City is the oldest human skull



THE OLDEST WOMAN: Professor G. Elliot Smith, the well-known anthropologist, claimed last week that the skull found over 40 ft. deep in the London clay, and known briefly as the Lloyds skull, is the oldest human skull yet discovered. It is claimed that this skull is of a left-handed woman who pre-dates the man of Java; the Piltdown man who recently held the field; the Pekin man, who recently had a tremendous fame; and possibly the most recent of all, the Tanganyika man. Space prevents our enlarging on the Natuvians of old Palestine, who bulked largely at King's College last week. Their possible cannibalistic tendencies seem to have been unpleasant in character

BANISHED FROM BRITISH VARIETY: Under the quota system, the American Variety Star, Miss Dora Maughan, has been informed that she must leave England. Miss Maughan's only comment was: "It is a tough break. I am not cross, but just hurt"

EMULATING HIS GREYHOUNDS: General Critchley, the famous figure in the greyhound world, to whom reference is made on another page, is here seen taking part in the G.R.A. sports at Northaw a few days ago



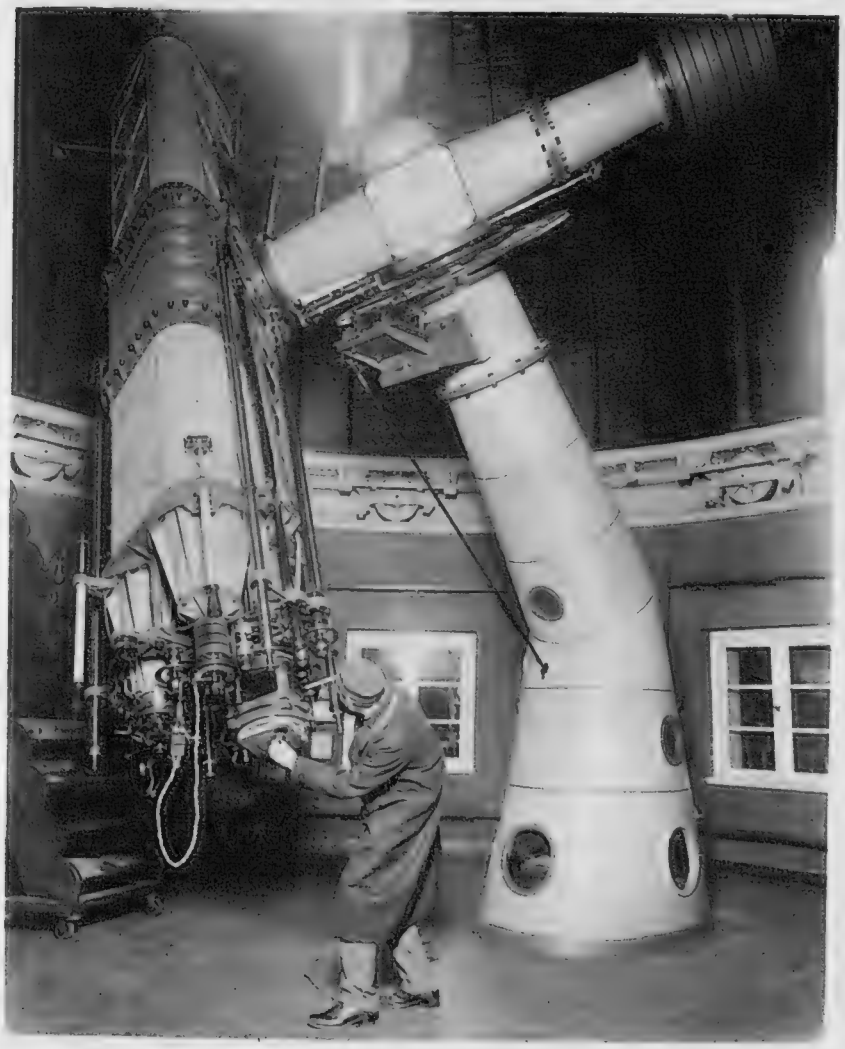
AN ALL-ROUNDER: Roger Pulbrook, head boy of Harrow, has achieved a wonderful sports record making him the best all-round schoolboy for the year

TAKING OVER FROM THE GUARDS: In order to release the Guards for their annual summer manœuvres, the Royal Sussex Regiment has taken over guard duty at Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace. The colours of the regiments are here seen being paraded side by side at the taking over at the Guards' barracks

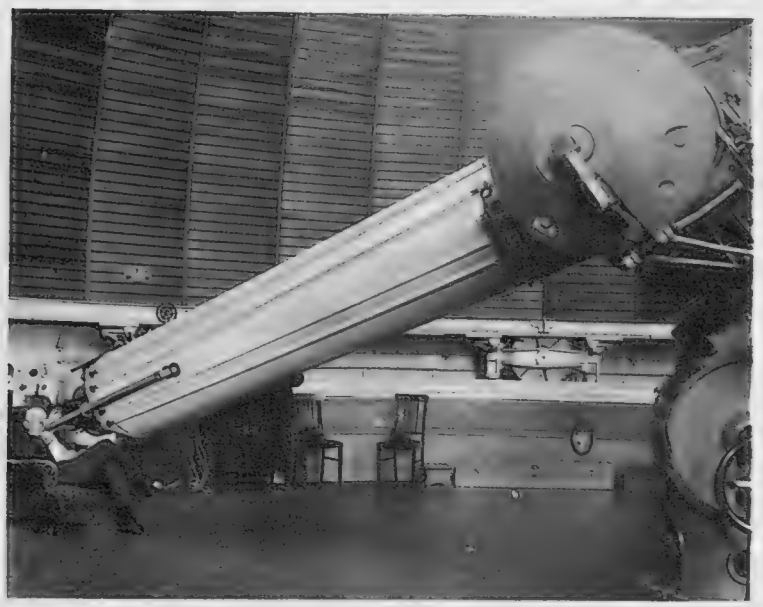
The SUMMER SKY

THE GREAT NEBULA OF RHO OPHIUCHI taken from Mount Wilson Observatory. The late Professor Bernard says of this nebula that, with its outlying connections, the dark spot in which it is placed, and the vacant lanes running to the east from it, it makes a picture almost unequalled in interest in the entire heavens

STAR CLOUDS OF THE MILKY WAY of which it was written, "Here the stars pile up in great cumulus masses like summer clouds." The picture was taken at Mount Wilson



A PEEP INTO THE UNIVERSE with the giant telescope of the University Observatory at Berlin-Babelsberg. The threefold photographic refractor is by Topfer. In the iron covering of the three-cornered cross section there are three telescopes, namely, a lens telescope for the photographs, a mirror telescope, and a visual guide telescope. Focal distance, 5.5 meters. Diameter of the object lens, 40 cm.



ASTRONOMY IN COMFORT: A scene at the Neubabelsberg Observatory. The gigantic telescope is set in position and the astronomer, Dr. G. Struwe, in evening clothes, reclines in comfort in his easy chair to await the phenomenon he desires to observe

"Stars are great laboratories pouring out radiation and constantly renewing their energies from sources deep down in their interior."

"Although the earth is 93 million miles from the sun, every square yard of its surface is constantly receiving one horse-power of energy from the sun."

"In physical bulk, man stands midway between an atom and a star."

"The atoms that we have to do with in the stars are the same atoms we know in our physical laboratories, but in the stars they exist under conditions so extraordinary as to be modified almost beyond recognition."

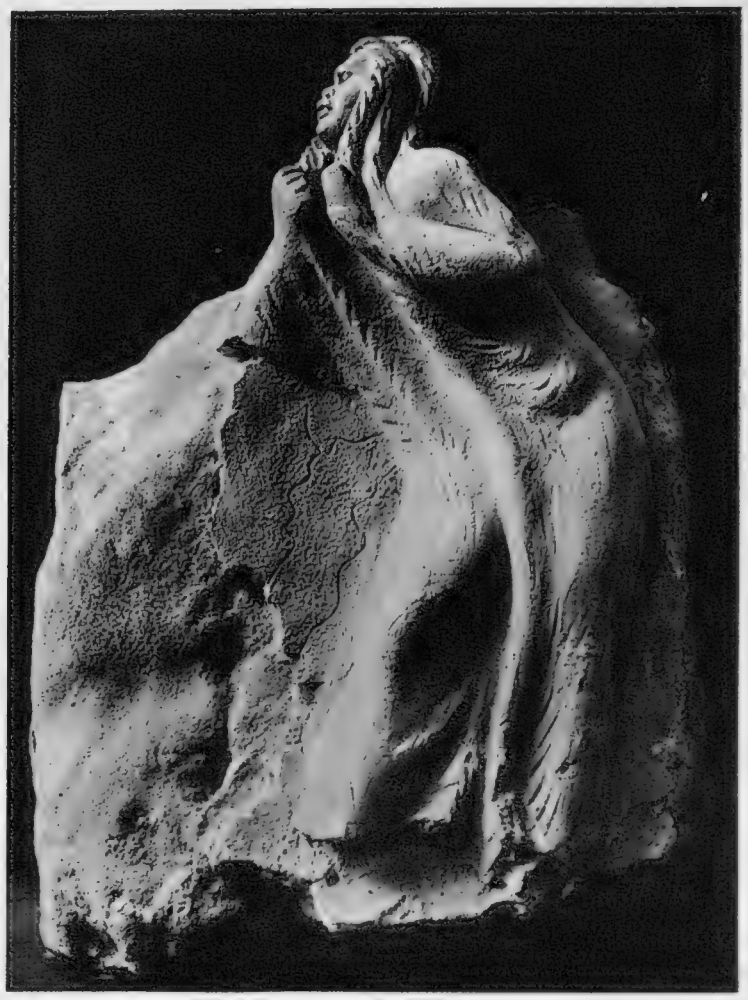
"Our evidence is strong which shows that stars exist having densities so great as to seem fantastic. The faint companion of Sirius, for example, has a probable density of one ton per cubic inch, while a cubic inch of another faint star, recently studied at Mount Wilson, may weigh as much as seven tons."

"The interior of a star is a mixture of atoms, electrons, and ether waves in the wildest state of confusion. They finally emerge transformed into the light and heat waves that the astronomer observes."

These are some of the high points in an extended statement recently given out by Dr. Walter S. Adams, Director of Mount Wilson Observatory.

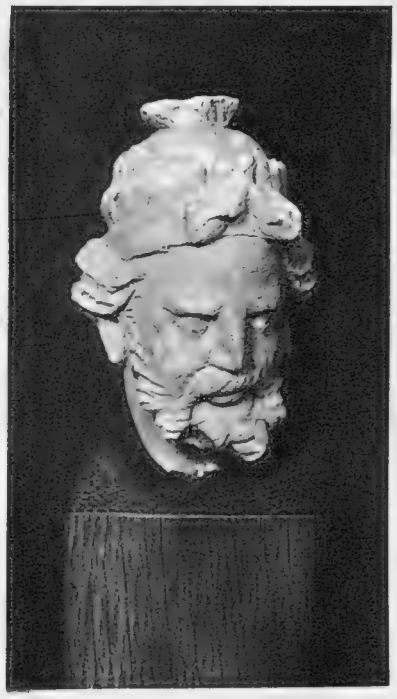
When Afghanistan was GREEK

ANTINOUS OF AFGHANISTAN: Visual evidence from the collection of the Guimet Museum in Paris that the country Great Britain and Russia always watch so anxiously was a Greek province some 1,500 years ago. This is a Buddhist divinity

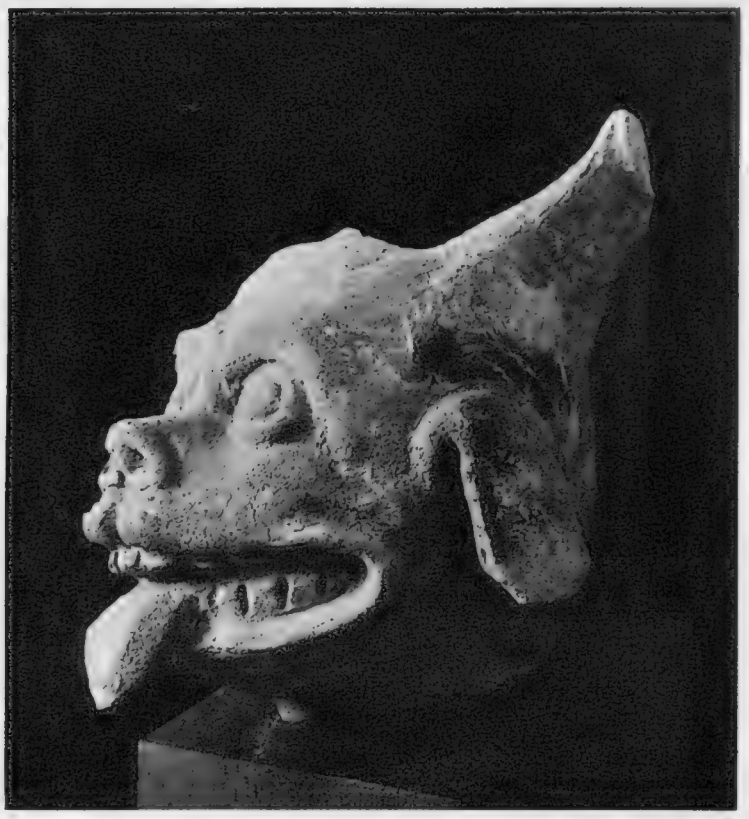


NOT MARY MAGDELENE at the foot of the Cross but a dæmon of Buddhist mythology. The hands are clenched, the lips drawn back in rage. The folds of the drapery are in the Hellenistic mode

A BUDDHIST SILENUS: A stucco portrait of a captive which in its treatment of hair, capital and facial, recalls the powerful treatment of the finest classic tradition



A BARBARIAN ZEUS PITAR: A stucco head from Hadda in North-East Afghanistan brought back by the Barthoux Mission



A PRE-GOTHIC GROTESQUE: A dog-headed dæmon which might well have served a thousand years later as a gargoyle on some Western (and Christian) cathedral

On left—
HEAD OF AN ASCETIC: Were this statue of another culture and another *locale*, it might pass as a bust of the Saviour

The Guimet Museum is now one of the sights of Paris in its newly arranged state, and with its newly acquired acquisitions. These latter include the statues dug up by J. J. Barthoux of the Délégation Archéologique Française en Afghanistan in 1927, and are now on exhibition in the delightful galleries of the Museum.

The heads come from statues, or bas- or haut-reliefs, and are made of a thin layer of stucco over a substratum of sandstone (grès) or earth. Barthoux unearthed 531 buildings of various kinds all dating from about the same time. The dates cannot be fixed exactly but he places them in the third and fourth centuries, A.D. A Chinese pilgrim, Fa-hien, describes the place, which he saw at the beginning of the fifth century. At that time he found the school of art which produced these statues in full activity at Hadda, in north-east Afghanistan.

Once upon a time Afghanistan was Greek—in the time of Darius Hystaspes (500 B.C.) the region was embraced in the Achæmenian Satrapies. A few centuries later it came under the sway of the independent Greek dynasty in Bactria, and about 150 B.C. the Parthians conquered it. However, from the beginning of the Christian era, when a Scythian chieftain, Kushan, ruled over it, until after the time of these statues, it was predominantly Scythian. Obviously, however, the classical Greek artistic traditions retained their vigour, and until the death of Diocletian (313 A.D.) the Mediterranean and the Orient were still in touch with each other, according to Barthoux. The development of sacred and ecclesiastical art as a direct derivative from the æsthetic of Hellas is more trenchantly illustrated in these finds than perhaps in any other examples, for so Occidental is the entire atmosphere they exude that they seem violently opposed to the Orient where they are found.

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

THE OPENING OF THE RUMANIAN PARLIAMENT: King Carol drives in State to perform the function. The semi-barbaric splendour of uniform and equipage recalls the strong Oriental (Byzantine) influence that permeates Rumanian life

ANCIENT BRETONS OF TO-DAY: The great Druid Taldir and his assistant at an Eisteddfod which was Breton (not French) in language, dance, dolmens, and even refreshment

THE MILITARY SPIRIT STILL PERVADES GERMANY as may be seen from this picture, which shows that even the smallest boys want to participate in the "Tanzel" Festival at Kaufbeuren, Bavaria, a celebration recalling the glories of German arms in 1870

HISTORY RECONSTRUCTED: The meeting of Queen Victoria and King Louis Philippe at Eu, near Le Treport, which took place on July 31, 1843, was re-enacted at a local fête on the anniversary... Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort are seen being welcomed by the French

STRATOSPHERE BOUND: Professor Piccard with his wife and children, and, *on right*, M. Kipfer. This time the professor will be accompanied by M. Cosijine

THE MAIN STREET OF ITALY'S MAIN COLONY shows the quality of the Italian possessions. Wonders have already been done, but much remains to do, and Tripolitania is, it is held, a sterile and arid land scarcely worth the effort involved

ITALY'S AFRI

A Frank Exposé of the Real Basis of Dream of Fascismo and the Stand-pat

By FERDIN

The feeling is probably growing that it is no use any longer pretending to be unaware of certain specific aspects relating to the hold-up of European amity; that it were better to have these out in the open; that it's not much good generalizing about "new orders" and professing fraternal sentiments and even dreaming of genuine appeasement and disarming so long as the inevitable forerunners of a slackening of antipathy remain unattended to. We all know about security and treaty revision and arbitration and Briand-Kellogg and the rest of the big vague words, but until very recently indeed the set idea has been to fight shy of precise and localized barriers the scaling of which in some form or another must nevertheless precede any wider permanent achievement.

A former French Vice-Premier and Minister of Justice, M. Colrat, has said as much quite clearly in relation to Italy. He says it is about time the French people were frankly told what Italy is out after instead of a perpetuation of the present policy of newspaper wonder—why is Italy so antagonistic to her Latin sister—why does she demand this and that of France—France only wishes to live in neighbourly affection—and so on. The mass of the country, in M. Colrat's view, should be told the essentials of the position, even if (he might have added) Signor Mussolini has not yet sanctioned similar discussion on his side of the Alps.

The arrival of Signor Grandi in London suggests itself as a favourable occasion to seek to trace what is deep down in the Fascist mind, since it will assuredly be part of Grandi's mission, and not the least of it, to prepare the British official circle for the claims Italy intends making in the not distant future. The other day, before the need for ambassadorial discretion swooped upon him, the late Foreign Minister was in hinting mood when he said that—

"The Italian people, with the valve of emigration shut, can no longer find sufficient possibilities of existence on their territory. Everything that could be done in the way of intensifying agriculture has been or is being done. The same applies to industry: Italy possesses, as is known, very small resources in raw material. It is therefore not astounding that our country should turn towards the possibilities of colonial expansion. Once the essential problems of the world crisis have been surmounted, the colonial question must occupy, and will occupy more and more, a place of ever greater preoccupation to the Italian Government."

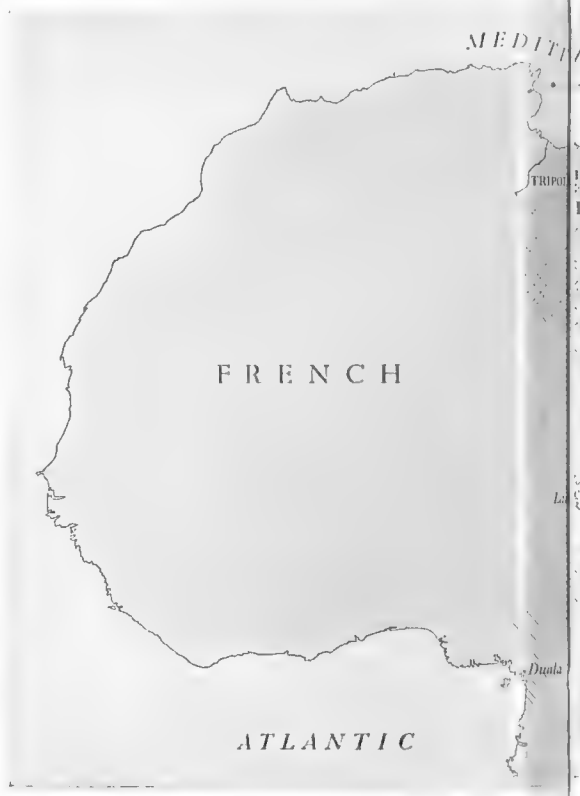
It may be a matter for regret that the Duce continued to spur on Italy's fertile mothers to ever fresh records in fertility for years after Washington had banged the immigration door, in order, apparently, to be able to say that Italy was now the third most densely populated land in Europe, and look how lean was her portion beside neighbouring fat and plenty.

As is now familiar, Italy holds that France and Britain didn't play the game after tempting her into the War. She wasn't given Dalmatia and Vallona, as promised, and she was fobbed off with trivial colonial readjustments. It may have been Wilson who stifled Italian aspirations to the "amarissima" or "most bitter sea" sung by d'Annunzio; the Entente—which had undertaken that, "in the event of Britain and France increasing their African possessions at Germany's expense, they recognize that Italy could claim certain compensation, notably in rectification in her favour of the frontiers of Erythrea, Somaliland and Libya, and of colonies abutting on to British and French territories"—the Entente is held solely to account for not having fulfilled this bait in the spirit.

We gave Jubaland. France extended the Libyan frontier to Mount Tummo. And that was about all. Whereas 2,000,000 additional square miles accrued to the British Empire, and about half as much to France, Italy had to rest content with a mere 100,000 square miles of mostly uninhabitable or uncultivatable sand.

This is what sticks in the Italian gullet. The Adriatic seaboard may be trotted out for hot youth—yet how are its barren mountain sides to relieve urban pressure in Italy? Africa is the place that grips the imagination; Africa, the place for which the Fascists might be expected to show much reasonableness in other directions.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of the only considerable Italian colonial city, Tripoli. The "dream" is to drive a Roman wedge with this as the base to Douala where the apex will be set



THE DREAM DIAGRAMMATIZED: Italy now possesses, in areas heavily shaded. These are largely unproductive the Continent, taking from the French the strategic extending her dominion to the mandated

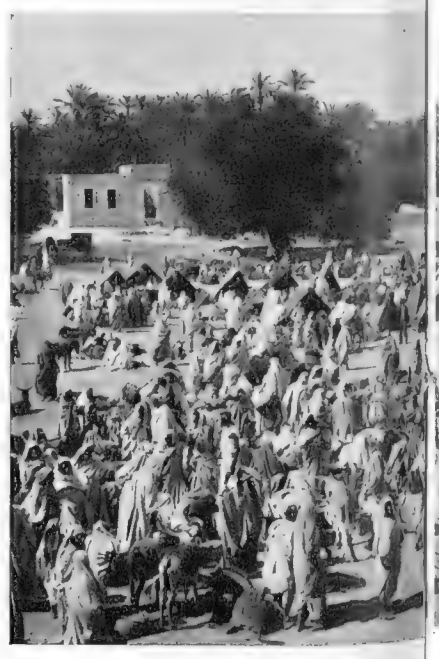
How are the Italians at present situate on the African continent? A score of years after it was seized from Turkey, the great effort is to make No. 1 Colony, Tripolitania, self-supporting. Despite eight years of Homeric effort, it still weighs on the domestic budget to the tune of £2,500,000 a year, ill to be afforded. Moreover, this figure means that an absolute minimum is being spent on the colony to the lessening of its powers of absorption of Italian colonists. So far 24,000 Italian nationals have settled among a round million natives in Tripolitania and adjacent Cirenaica (Senussi country). The population is desperately sparse—about one to a square mile! Agricultural development, roads and building have been possible along the coastline, and an epic struggle has carried the armed forces as far into the appalling desert as the Koufra oasis, but the undeniable fact remains that it would take 150 years, at the present rhythm, to settle the colony with the million Italians it could absorb. There isn't the money. Under a new scheme it is hoped to instal 20,000 families, or 100,000 persons, in the oncoming years. The cost even of that, and with the Government making over land that has been commandeered in its entirety, will be £12,000,000. The withering south wind, the interminable sand, the deadly heat, the lack of funds combine to render this pick of Italian possessions what we others would simply call a wash-out. Yet the Italians can't have it so, it being almost all they've got that matters.

They must toil on and on in the hope of a better day. Where else have they any hope of achievement? In adjacent Cirenaica? It is not so pretty a tale in Cirenaica. With the exception of some 50,000 sedentary ones along the coast, the inhabitants are shut in in concentration camps. This was Marshal Badoglio's way of impressing Fascism locally among recalcitrant tribes that struggled to be left alone with their pitiable cattle and crops (cows are little bigger than pigs).

"Everywhere they make a solitude, and they call it peace."

That is what has happened in this part of the world abutting on Egypt. The camps, five in number, are strewn about the Benghazi country. The two biggest hold whole tribes of 20,000 and 13,000, and these have with them 42,000 head of sheep, 4,000 goats, 3,000 oxen, and 2,000 camels. Each camp swarms in like manner with humans and their livestock. Camps are modelled on the old Roman castrum. Quadrilateral, and enclosed by barbed wire, their perimeters vary from 1½ to 3 miles. They are intersected at right angles by two roads, giving four gates and dividing each camp into four quarters, in which live man and beast, also divided into four. Askaris mount guard when the natives bring out their beasts to pasture. The interned ones are also marched out to labour on public works at 2s. a day. Apparently there is hope that the young interned ones may one day emerge as dutiful askaris. Unfortunately there has been fearful mortality, both among men and beasts. Fifty per cent. seem to have disappeared. The Italians say they will open the gates gradually as roads are perfected and depôts of arms destroyed and then the nomadic ones will be directed here and there in the hinterland. The Djebel fertile zone will be reserved for Italian colonization.

Not a very encouraging picture with which to confront being invited to extend Italian dominion in Africa. The Fascists aver that 'twas a case of having first to be somewhat cruel in order later to be kind in the way of teaching something approaching hygiene and how to tackle dire local nature.



THE MARKET IN TRIPOLI: The atmosphere contrast with the concentration camps herds are perforce compressed

CAN DREAM

Franco-Italian Rivalry; the Rhodesque Attitude of the Republic Contrasted

AND TUOHY

FORTIFICATION is the dominant note in Italian Colonial possessions. The mere conservation of the comparatively small area ceded is, it is claimed, not worth the trouble involved owing to the poor quality of the land. This view shows the Castello of Tripoli from the sea

There are 1,800 Italians in a population of 1,000,000 in Somaliland, whose climate is one of the worst in the world, and even less in Erythrea, to the north, fourth and final Italian possession in Africa.

It can be said that the Italians in Africa have for some time decided that they are up against a stone wall. And the galling part for them is that the very territory they most desire for development and colonization is (they say) now either a closed preserve or being completely neglected. The Italians say that France is simply gorged with African territory, some of which, what with crisis and tiredness and sheer lack of interest, is entirely superfluous, yet could be made to fulfil the Italian dream, and all would be bright and happy once again between the Latin sisters. For Italy has a dream, a kind of Cecil Rhodes dream of the dark continent, a dream which, if still unspoken, is at the back of every blackshirt's mind. If you take the map you will easily see what that dream is. It is to link the Mediterranean to the Southern Atlantic by a strip of all-black Fascist territory, departing from Libya (or Tripolitania), and reaching Lake Chad, and then going on down to the sea, at Douala, taking over the ex-German (now French) Cameroons mandate on the way. Tripoli-Douala. That is *what Italy wants*. A port facing South America and reducing the voyage thither greatly; a port on the broad, free ocean, and lifting the exasperating feeling of suffocation which imprisonment in *Mare Nostrum* engenders. It is not risking a great deal to say that Italy's claim to naval equality with France, and her insistence on the retention of their Italian citizenship by the 100,000 odd Italians of Tunis are alike being held in reserve as bargaining assets for the day when France should be ready to talk business, concerning the possibility of really admitting Italy into Africa.

Leaving benighted Cirenaica behind, let us see what lies along the dream-path to Douala.

addition to Italian Somaliland not shown on this map, the and sterile. Her hope is to cut a swath of Fascismo across heights of Tibesti and the fertile areas of Lake Chad and Cameroons with an ocean port at Douala

of this well-regulated mart is in strong of Cirenaica where men, women, children, and into a comparatively small area

Firstly comes Koufra, the splendid arrival at which, in 1926, led to our forgetting any rights we may have had in the neighbourhood. Koufra is the kicking-off point for the rest of the journey of perhaps 2,000 miles in all. Some time back General Balbo effectively pushed off from Koufra accompanied by an air squadron, and in two hours he had reached the southernmost confines of Libya, and was flying above the French forts of the Tibesti country. He reached the 20th parallel or Fort Bardaï. And he returned to report that this whole region, which the French refuse even to think of ceding, was abandoned. Which was what he went for.

The Italians claim Tibesti, alleging that this was the frontier they expected after the War. The French reply that who holds Tibesti will inevitably arrive at Lake Chad, cross-roads of Africa in this region. The waters of Chad are, of course, a godsend in the endless desert, and it is claimed that one day the territory round about will be developed into a high state of fertility. The French have organized the defence of the Chad territory into three sectors — Tibesti, Borkou, and Ennedi — and the trio now come under Equatorial Africa. The French deny that the neighbourhood is abandoned, and show infantry posts in nine places. Wireless posts are being added, and police rounds made. The inhabitants number 31,000 (the country covers 60,000 sq. miles).

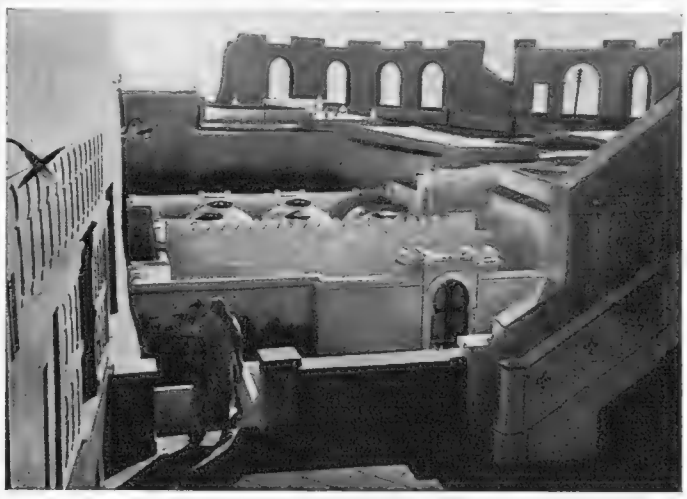
But Tibesti is what interests here. This former volcanic group, rising to 12,000 ft. and measuring 500 by 300 miles—nearly as big as France—is favoured by some rain, and is settled by 8,000 Toubous. It is *the* bone of contention between Italy and France. It is what the Italians have their eyes set on because its possession would, in fact, imply the later descent to Lake Chad. Possession of the Tibesti bastion yields the only point d'appui, in hundreds of miles, from which military movement can be directed at will.

The Italians say that the French have put up their tiny military posts in the Chad-Tibesti territory merely in order to be able to deny the charge that they have more or less given up thought of its development.

From Lake Chad onwards the dream-path is straightforward. Italy would lay claim to the Cameroons mandate, though what their friends the Germans might have to say is another matter. However, the mandated territory, the bulk of it in French hands, a narrow strip in ours, abuts on to precious Lake Chad, and extends far down to the broad Atlantic at Douala. The Fascist belt, for intensive air and rail and partial autostrade development, is complete—Mediterranean to Atlantic. And not a few of the Tunis Italians would be transplanted, already Africanized, to settle the more vital centres along the way; that is said to be one reason the Duce is maintaining their nationality. And how the Fascists would develop, would throw themselves into the work, with all the keenness of avid newcomers to a glamorous task!

Let us for one moment suppose that the French came to lend an attentive ear to the project, it having been made worth while. I have been asking instructed Frenchmen in Paris and this is, roughly, what they say: "The appetite comes in eating. If you start giving, they'll want more. Besides, the real plan, what Italy wants to do, is to cut Africa in two. And just imagine the trouble there would be in Africa with all the Fascist push and arrogance! Right in the middle of us French and British! To permit the Italians to plant themselves down with their higher birth rate—it is impossible! Our friends could not be trusted! And why should we give? What were the Italians doing forty and fifty years ago when Jules Ferry was founding our colonies? What were the Italians doing in June, 1914, when we hoisted the tricolour on Fort Bardaï in the Tibesti? First come, first served! Tibesti bars the dream Tripoli-Douala? All the better!"

It only remains to be said that the dream-path across Africa would hardly cut Africa in two for the French all of whose possessions, save Equatorial Africa, or the French Congo, lie to the north and north-west of Chad. Rather more so than the other French territories, this Congo country is feeling the slump in prices acutely. It is poor, burning, most abjectly populated save round Brazzaville. Yet big projects have been tabled, including the completion of the railway to the ocean and the building of a big new port at Pointe-Noire and for which no less than £30,000,000 has been voted in Paris, though whether this will now be forthcoming is a very open question. I mention the matter because it is tolerably certain that if France should launch out on further extensive exploitation of her Congo, Italy's dream inevitably takes on a still paler hue.

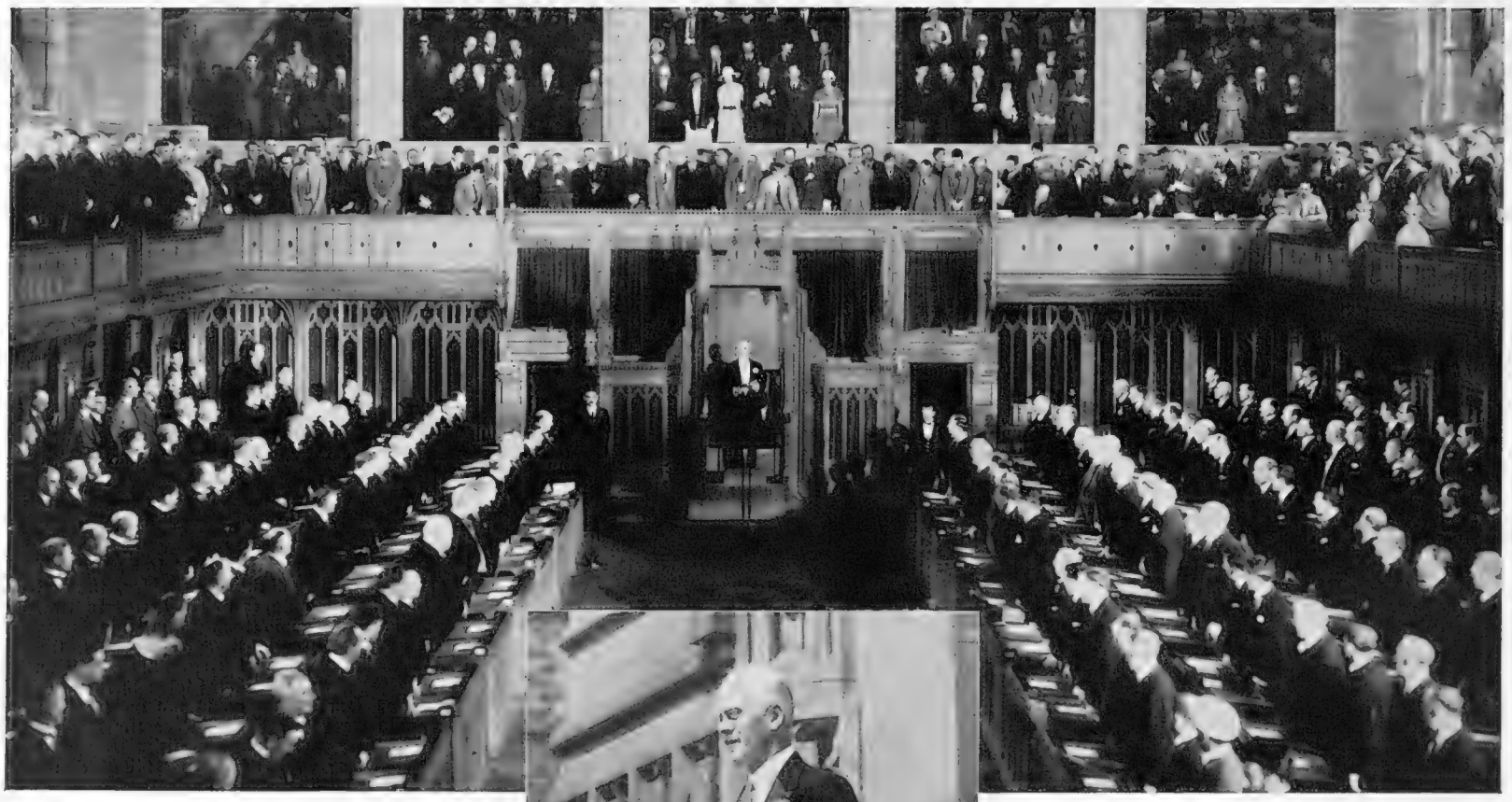


A GLORY OF TRIPOLI: A bird's-eye view of the mosque and terrace of the superb Castello of Tripoli. Although a considerable city, the area surrounding it is, claims Italy, uninhabitable or uncultivatable

But the French possessions are becoming ever heavier drags, contrary to what one hears of their wonderful economy. Actually, Morocco is the only one paying its way to-day, and herein may lie slender hope of some form of arrangement with Italy which would appreciably brighten the European sky. It might, with infinite luck, come down eventually to a matter of guarantees, with ourselves, as the others on Chad, very much to the fore. But this is dreaming too . . .

A central factor in the situation is the possibility of further over-production from Africa did the Fascists spread, for they would go at it hammer and tongs. All Africa contains 30,000,000 inhabitants less than Russia. Whites will never be able to settle in vast areas of the country—the women would die even if the men stuck it. If the production were absorbed by the natives it might be a steadier story, but the vast bulk of it is not, and much of it is already competing with Europe. In this respect, France is going out strongly for a planned economy, for limitation, and more than one great enterprise, such as the opening up of the Niger Valley, is being thought twice about.

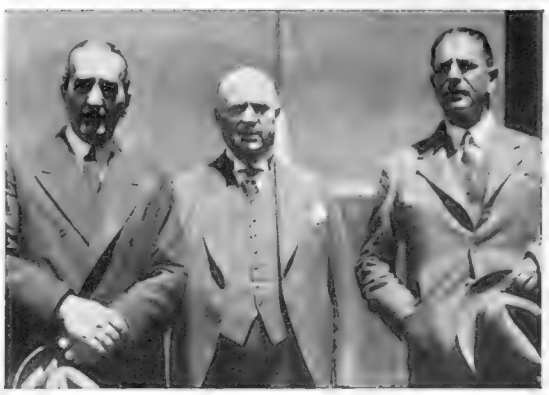
AT OTTAWA WITH THE DELEGATES



THE EARL OF BESSBOROUGH OPENING THE IMPERIAL ECONOMIC CONFERENCE: The delegates occupied the front benches of the House of Commons, Mr. Bennett occupying the first seat to the Governor-General's right, and Mr. Stanley Baldwin the place of honour to his left

THE BESSBOROUGH BABY: The Hon. George St. Lawrence Neuflize Ponsonby attracted much attention during the presentation of colours

LORD BESSBOROUGH, K.G., at the opening of the Imperial Economic Conference



Mr. Stanley Bruce of Australia; Mr. R. B. Bennett, Premier of Canada, and the Hon. J. G. Coates of New Zealand, at Ottawa for the opening ceremony

CHAIRMAN OF THE CHIEF COMMITTEE: LordHailsham, who was elected Chairman of the Chief Committee, is here seen with Lady Hailsham. Lord Hailsham was Sir Douglas Hogg

"The Sphere's' Ottawa correspondent writes:—The proceedings were broadcast through Canada, the United Kingdom, and the United States, but during the speech of Sean O'Kelly the wireless listeners were suddenly amazed to near his voice cut off. There were frantic calls to the newspapers to ascertain the reason, and much indignation at the thought that Mr. O'Kelly was saying something that somebody did not want the public to hear. It developed that a rectifier valve in the broadcast equipment had blown out. Mr. Emmerson of Newfoundland suffered the elimination of his entire speech, and Mr. Moffatt part of his. Mr. O'Kelly was shut off for only a few seconds, his speech being quite brief.

Out or seven nations at the Imperial Conference of 1926 which solved the constitutional problem with the Declaration of London, four sent the same leading statesmen to the present Conference: Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Havenga, Mr. Bruce, and Mr. Coates all having participated in the London Conference. Interested observers were Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, former Premier of Canada, and Hon. Ernest Lapointe, former Minister of Justice, who were Canada's delegates to the Conference of 1926.

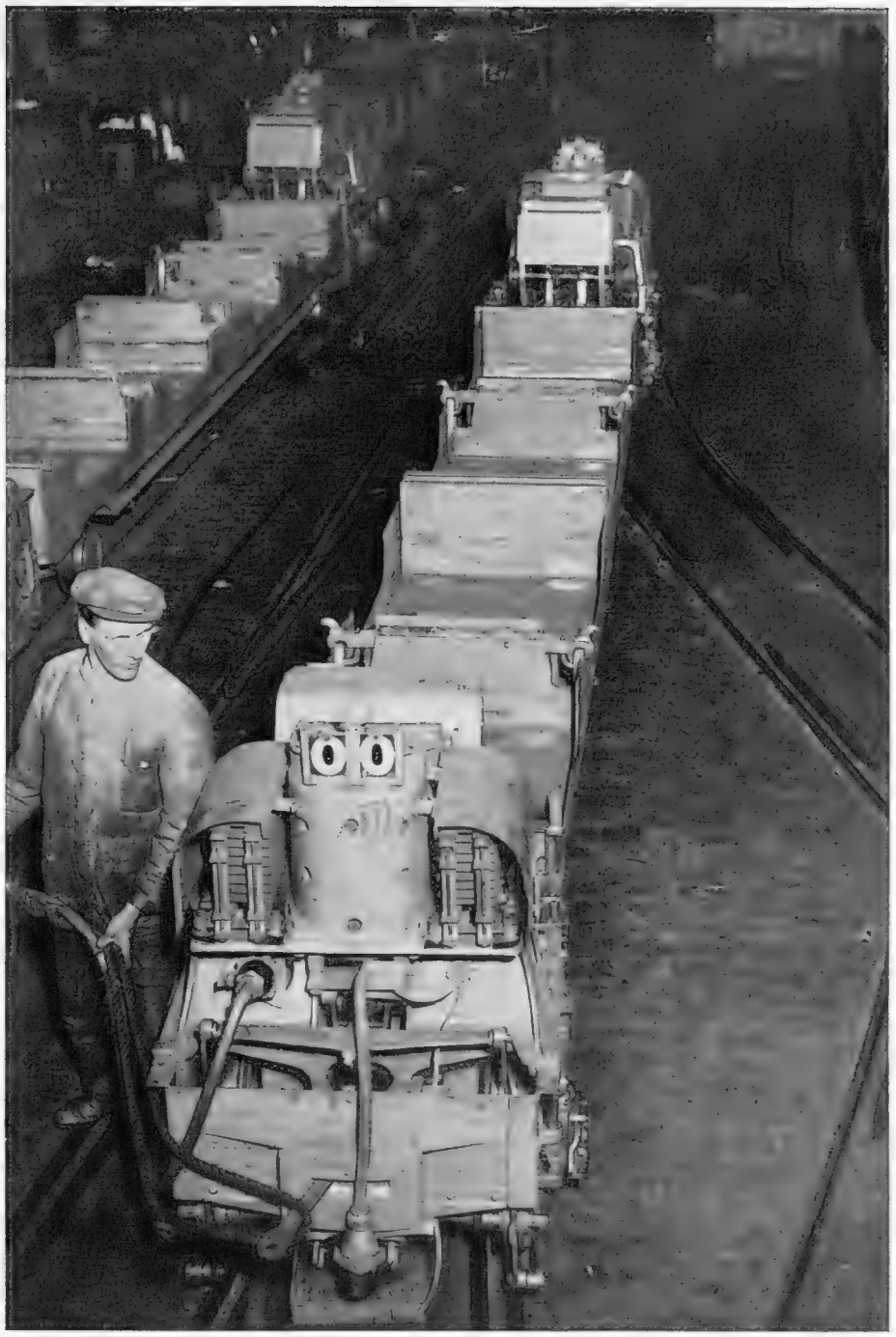
When the Empire delegates witnessed the presentation of the colours to the Governor-General's Footguards the Bessborough Baby attracted as much interest as the troops, the Hon. George St. Lawrence Neuflize Ponsonby waved as the men marched by, and amused the dignitaries on the reviewing stand by calling out vociferously at every military command.

NORTHERN IRISH DELEGATES AT OTTAWA: Ulster is represented at Ottawa by Sir Basil Stanlake Brooke, Assistant Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Finance, and the Rt. Hon. H. M. Pollock, Minister of Finance and head of the Irish delegates

MECHANICS

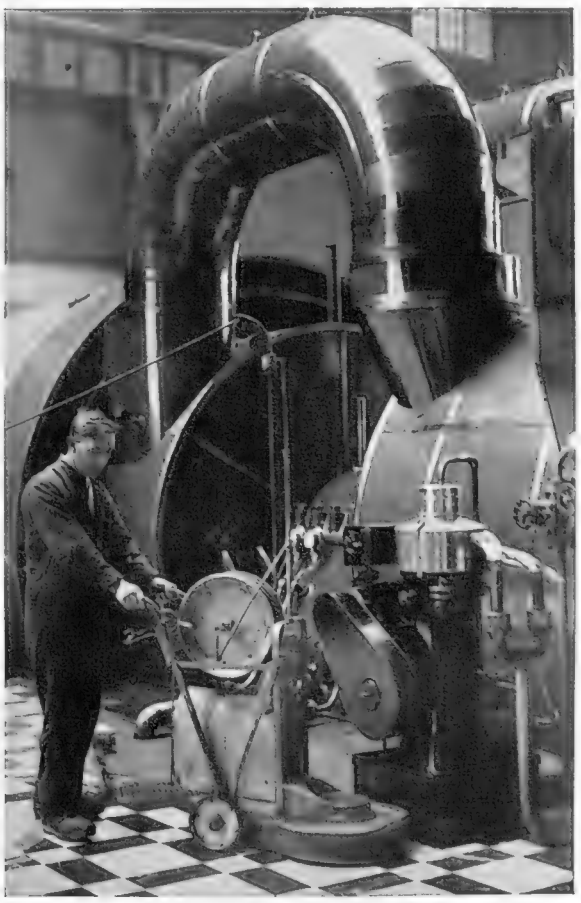
THE G.P.O. RAILWAY runs 70 ft. below the surface from Paddington to Whitechapel, and carries 29,000 mailbags daily. Its rolling stock has been renovated with automatically-driven cars

29,000 MAILBAGS DAILY are carried by the G.P.O. underground railway, a few of which are seen above being sorted at Mount Pleasant. The new rolling stock has twice the capacity of the old, weighs less, and uses less currency



THE POSTAL CLAPHAM JUNCTION! The world's strangest railway is the "Tube" running 70 ft. below the surface of London from Whitechapel in the east to Paddington in the west. No human travels or drives the newly-installed type of trains! An employee is seen above moving one of the new cars by an overhead jumper working from above

AVOIDING PEA-SOUPERS: Giant fans have been installed at the Battersea Power Station to keep London's air pure. Actually they are dust extractors, which remove all dust and impurities from the smoke emitted by the power station before it is expelled over the city from the great chimneys. Men are seen above at work on the extractors



THE ELECTRIC CHARLADY: The entire floor space of the Deptford Power Station can now be washed in one day by a new floor-washing machine which is pushed round the building by a workman

THE DOGS

THE IDENTIFICATION PARADE: A scene at the White City before the dogs are kennelled. As assistant racing manager identifies it by the N.G.R.C. Identity Book. The dogs are then kennelled, on the track. They are guarded by a police constable and a commissionaire to

In the whole history of sport no parallel can be found to the success of greyhound racing. In the brief period of six years and three weeks it has become a national habit, like drinking beer. There are forty-three licensed race tracks in this country at which the attendance since January will have mounted to more than 20,000,000 by the end of the year. £6,000,000 is invested in it. The shares have paid steady dividends throughout the slump and have appreciated by nearly 100 per cent., with the result that serious investors are taking a keen interest in them.

Perhaps the point which pleases the heads of the industry most is that the King's two aunts, Princess Marie Louise and Princess Helena Victoria, patronized the White City the other day and even had a 2s. flutter on the Tote. It may sound snobbish, but it put the finishing touch to the respectability of greyhound racing—and even people with short memories can recall the not far distant days when every kind of story was current about the crookedness of greyhound racing. It was said that the dogs were doped, that their paws were rubbed with sandpaper to make them sore, that the bookmakers were in league with the promoters; every calumny was levelled against the sport. Lord Lonsdale inveighed against it. So did almost everyone connected with horse racing and coursing. And yet, so it has turned out, you might just as well have tried to deflate a Zeppelin with a knitting needle as attempt to kill its popularity.

The origin of greyhound racing in this country as we know it to-day was a meeting between General Critchley and Mr. Charlie Munn, an American sportsman, at a country house-party given by Colonel Spender Clay at his place, Ford Manor, near Lingfield, in the Spring of 1925. At that time General Critchley's interests were solely with the cement business, but he was pleasantly intrigued by the photographs shown him of the "tin rabbit" races organized by Mr. O. P. Smith, an Oklahoma farmer, which followed the latter's arrest for coursing rabbits on a Sunday. Mr. Munn explained the details, pointed out that every spectator could see the race from start to finish—unlike horse races—and wound up by saying that he could get no support for launching the idea over here.

That evening General Critchley's valet borrowed £4 from him to pay his bookmaker. Let General Critchley take up the story himself.

"That decided me," he said. "Here was my servant losing all that money on horses he had never seen. Why shouldn't we bring to his back yard something on which he could bet? My experience in the War had taught me a great deal about the rank and file and the general psychology of the Tommy. I knew that all Englishmen like a bet, so that if I could provide 'em with a new medium for a gamble, satisfying them that they would be getting a straight run for their money, and arrange that it should take place at a time of day when they had nothing to do, then success was certain. So I looked into it.

"The first thing I learnt was that there had been a kind of greyhound racing at the Welsh Harp in 1867, in which a mechanical lure had been employed. These words are important, as they formed the basis of the patents which I thought I was going to buy in their entirety, only to discover later on that the patents were so old that they had automatically lapsed. The Welsh Harp experiment, however, was a complete failure, for a very simple reason. The races, which were over 400 yards, were run in a straight line.

"Now, you probably do not know it, but the form of greyhounds is so astonishingly regular that if ever a greyhound is half a second slower or quicker than his normal speed over 500 yards we have the trainer on the mat, and he has got to explain the reason why. The variance in speeds that you have in present day greyhound racing is entirely due to the oval shape of the racecourse, with the result that there is bound to be bumping and boring at the turns, and the more intelligent greyhounds—Mick the Miller was the great example of this—win as much by their intelligence in negotiating the bends as by their speed in the straight.

"Between 1867 and 1922, when Mr. O. P. Smith thought over his sins in the 'cooler,' and afterwards looked over the patents of mechanical lure, there was a complete gap in the records of greyhound racing.

OUT AT EXERCISE: The number of greyhounds already registered has increased in five years from two thousand seven hundred to thirty-two thousand; the number of people to pay for admission has increased from five to twenty million since 1928

So it seemed safe to start on our own. With a good deal of difficulty, Charlie Munn and I raised £14,000, of which the majority came from the United States. We then decided on Manchester as the scene of our start, owing to the local interest in whippets and coursing. By October, 1925, the £14,000 had gone, and I had to go to my bank and borrow £5,000. That went too. However, my bank manager was a good sport, and he let me have another £5,000. But by that time, the more I saw of greyhound racing the better I liked its prospects. I must admit that we expected at least a crowd of ten thousand people on the first night, by virtue of watching the trials day after day, but, in fact, we had only two thousand one hundred. On the second night it dropped to sixteen hundred. Things were serious. We fired the band. We cut our programmes to ribbons and feared the worst. For no good reason, though, the attendance went to four thousand that evening, and then for thirty-three consecutive meetings of three nights a week we averaged eleven thousand people.

"Incidentally, Charlie Cranston was the name of the dog which won the first greyhound race in this country. He lies in an honoured grave on the Bellevue track at Manchester. He also won the first race at the White City later on, and was the first of the intelligent greyhounds to race with his head, waiting for a gap at the corners and winning by his intelligence. Mick the Miller and the present greyhound Derby winner, Wild Woolley, are his successors, but I am getting ahead too fast."

General Critchley then told me that he and his partners decided at this stage that they ought to shut down for a time and, in fact, have a close season like flat racing. Besides, he realized he was on a very good thing and wanted time to look into the possibilities of starting the sport in London. He first inspected the White City with its vast stadium built to hold a hundred thousand spectators for the Olympic Games of 1908. It looked like a vast barracks, but nevertheless negotiations were opened. No agreement could be reached, so General Critchley "snooped around" elsewhere and finally came upon the Underground Railway's refuse dump at Finsbury Park. Four times he went and looked at it. It seemed impossible to visualize it as a race track. Eventually he decided to buy it, and almost immediately the White City landlords came to terms.

PIONEERS OF THE SPORT: Critchley, who exploited farmer into a

THE IDEAL: Dresden, one hounds in training and muscular development

Fortunately, it was now very easy to raise money for greyhound racing, although the patents had lapsed, and the conversion of the two places began at once. The White City track, estimated to cost £10,000, ultimately cost £85,000, while the other, now known as the Harringay track, cost £110,000, though the original estimate was £35,000. But the gamble, if you can call it one, was successful. From the first night of the White City—June 21, 1927—an average of fifty thousand people paid admission three nights a week for forty consecutive race nights. That must be unequalled in the history of entertainment, culminating as it did in a crowd of eighty-seven thousand people on the occasion of the first greyhound Derby.

Meantime, General Critchley and his representatives were busy negotiating for sites in Birmingham, Leeds, and Edinburgh. This, as can be imagined, was a wearying business with tiresome local councils who were urged by interested parties to take the view that greyhound racing was demoralizing to the working classes, and the automatic difficulty of finding a wide space sufficiently near the heart of things to make it easily accessible. Meantime, too, greyhound stewards had been appointed in the persons of Lord Westmorland, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and Lord Chesham to inquire into any questions that arose, on the lines of the Jockey Club.

Unfortunately for General Critchley, but happily for his rivals who were starting to spring up everywhere, these three sportsmen took the view that greyhound racing should be treated purely as a summer sport,

WILD WOOLLEY, the Archie Compston of the track, who runs with grimness and skill—with his head, in fact, as much as with his legs. He won the Greyhound Derby this year from a far faster, but less intelligent dog

FLIERS OF THE FUTURE: A litter the fifth from the left among which usually either all good or all bad which. £250 has been

each dog's name is called out, it is paraded before the veterinary surgeon, who passes it for fitness and the This takes place before the first race, and the competitors are under lock and key until their appearance preclude the possibility of nobbling. The only person who has access to them is the vet.

A Comprehensive Survey of the Phenomenally Successful Sport which has within Six Years Risen to Astounding Popularity and has Even Received the *Cachet* of Royal Patronage

By CHARLES GRAVES

Mr. Charles Munn and General the brain wave of an Oklahoma gigantic industry

of the most consistent grey- a perfect example of the achieved by breeders

with the result that the White City and Harringay closed down in the October, and the promoters of the Clapton and Wembley tracks were able to get comfortably started without any opposition. The immediate success of these ventures naturally caused every sports organizer in the country to follow suit in the Spring of 1928. Some of these petty promoters were undoubtedly dishonest, and their malpractices brought the whole sport into disfavour.

"Yes," said General Critchley reminiscently. "those were black times. We had upset certain trade interests, and they did everything to sling mud at us. All my own organization could do was to turn its back to the storm and wait until it blew over. How it did so is proved best by these figures.

"In 1928 five million people paid admission on all courses. This number rose to thirteen million in 1929, to fifteen million in 1930, to eighteen million last year, and this year I estimate that the total will top the bill at twenty million. During that period more than £1,000,000 have been paid out in prize money. Another £1,000,000 have been paid to the Exchequer in the form of entertainment tax, and so on. The number of actual employees has risen to twenty thousand, while you can add another eighty thousand who are indirectly employed.

"Most interesting of all for those people who are interested purely in the dogs as dogs instead of as a medium of sport and wagers, the number registered in the National Greyhound Studbook has increased from twenty-seven hundred in 1927 to thirty-two thousand last year. But what we are still most pleased about was the performance of Juvenile Jockey in the 1931 Lonsdale Plate. For Juvenile Jockey was an ordinary racing greyhound belonging to one of the track owners, and was sent to compete in the most casual style. A wire was sent to a local trainer in Carlisle to take charge of the dog. It was put in a train, handed over to the guard, and then proceeded to defeat all the much fancied coursing greyhounds and win the coveted trophy."

by Mick the Miller out of Wallasey Flier, is the image of his father. Litters are and until trials are held, no one knows refused for the little Mick

For those of you who have never been to the dogs I had better explain that the races are run over distances of 500, 550, 625, and 700 yards. The average time for the first is anything between 29 and 33 seconds; for the second 30 to 33; for the third 37 to 39, and for the fourth 41 to 44. The immediate comment is that the race is over in a very short time compared with horse racing. The immediate reply is that you see very much more in 30 seconds of greyhound racing than you do in the whole of the Derby and most other horse races. In the latter the horses disappear for minutes at a time. In greyhound racing you have a consecutive view from start to finish.

Another advantage is that it often takes an expert to distinguish the colours of the leading three or four horses as the race is being run. In greyhound racing the dogs wear coatees, known as sheets, of either blue, orange, black, or some other colour which you cannot fail to recognize. There is also the additional advantage—according to cynics—of there being no jockeys and no possibility of pulling. Quite true, some dogs get canny and slow up. Very occasionally they attack each other. But these minor disadvantages are quite outweighed by the other considerations, which include the fact that, even though there are only six runners in a greyhound race as opposed to a horse race, it by no means follows that the favourite is odds-on.

MOTHER AND CHILD: Wallasey Flier and her pup by Mick the Miller, for whom an offer of £250 has already been refused, although he is only a few weeks old. He is the "living spit" of his great father

Having imbibed all this information, it seemed high time that I should go to the White City and see what it was all about. Many writers have given descriptive accounts of the scene, but I was not at all prepared for it. From General Critchley and Colonel Cameron downwards, it was all done in a very military and efficient way with buglers, white uniforms, and a parade of the dogs before each race. My party sat in the club enclosure that was as luxurious as any casino hotel, dining off melon, turtle soup, lobster, and chicken pie, while we saw the races run every quarter of an hour under our very noses only 40 yards away.

The yelping of the greyhounds in their traps as they heard the electrical hare approach; the wave of shouting as the dogs shot round the green oval track; the genuine thrill of seeing them cornering at a far higher speed than any dirt track rider and then shooting forward again at what seemed an incredible pace; and finally the luxury, orderliness, cleanliness, and lack of friction which attended our arrival, stay, and departure impressed me immensely.

There is no doubt about it, greyhound racing has come to stay, and in the next year or two it will have climbed the social scale just as effectively as the cinema, which less than ten years ago was still considered a servant girl's entertainment and a good deal lower than the cheapest music-halls.

The reasons why it has already succeeded are several—quite apart from the fact that it is such an excellent medium for the Englishman's love of a gamble. It is very much more accessible than horse racing, thanks to an eighteenth-century law which forbids horse racing within 10 miles of Charing Cross. It is run with extreme precision. It is a very pretty sight, particularly the hurdle racing. And it gives its public something to do in the evening as a change from pub crawling or going to the pictures or listening to the radio on the other nights of the week.

In future I prophesy its appeal will become much wider as soon as intelligent breeding from the more intelligent dogs produces still greater head work in future greyhounds. At Stoke in Staffordshire the Greyhound Racing Association has a couple of hundred puppies, some of which you see here. The sport being still so young, it has not yet been possible to check up on the result of mating chosen animals. Greyhounds do not race before they are eighteen months old, and their best performances are when they are three years old. The question that arises is whether a pup by Mick the Miller, who was really responsible for putting greyhound racing on the map, will inherit any of his father's intelligence in cutting through at the exact moment, having previously, while in the trap, wasted none of his energy in yelping before the race begins.

Many authentic stories are told of Mick the Miller. He was the most attractive dog ever seen in this country. When he was led round before the race he would wag his tail furiously when the crowd cheered him. If by any chance there was an empty section in one of the stands and the applause was less, he positively failed to wag his tail. He loved racing for its own sake, and when he had reached the finishing post he slowed up at once. He knew the race was over and that the hare had nothing to do with it. Will his still unnamed pup—the one that is the living image of him—have the same intelligence?

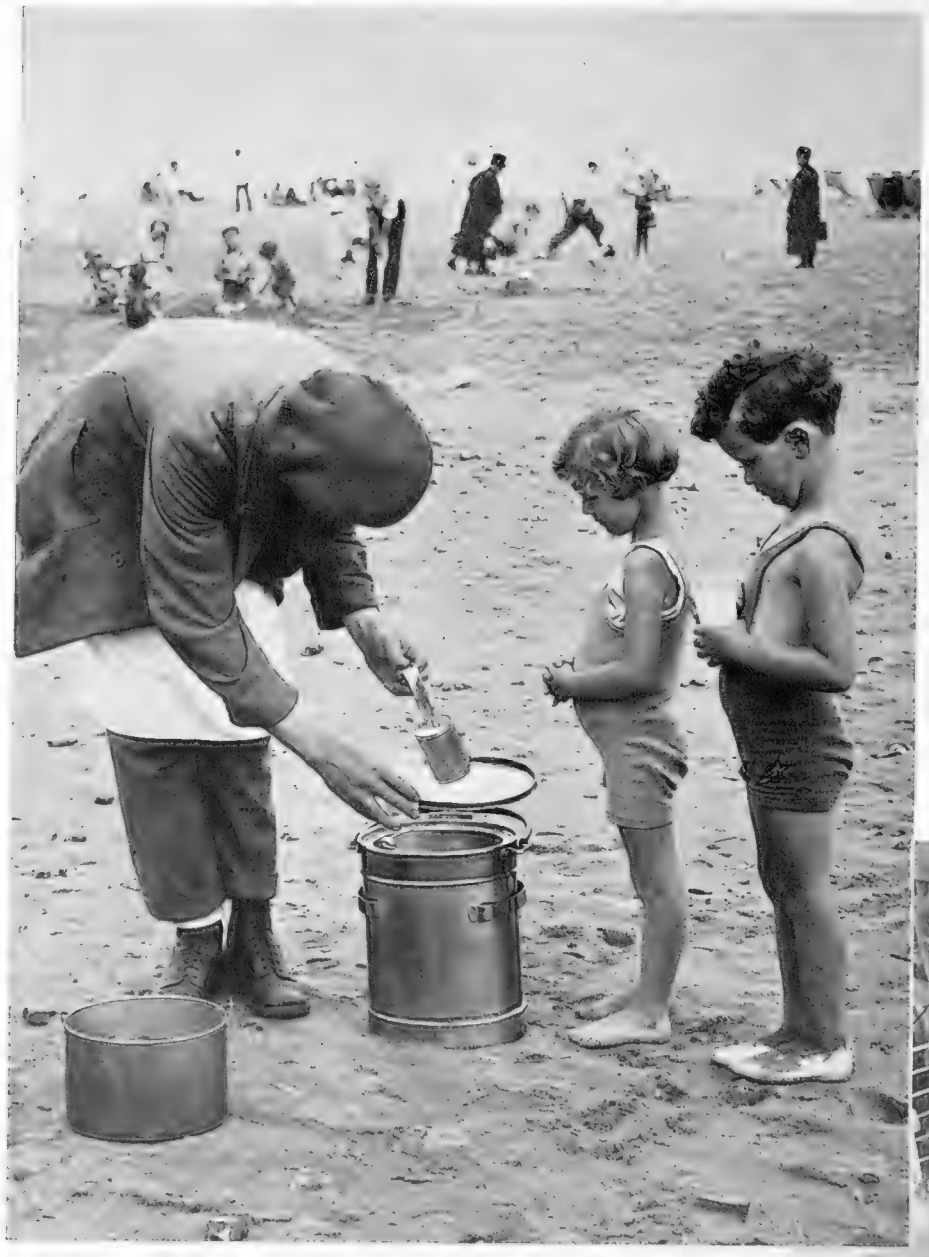
From what I can gather, greyhounds have much more character and more mannerisms than race-horses. My good friend Archie Compston, I am sure, will not mind if I say that Wild Woolley, this year's Derby winner, is the Archie Compston of dog racing. Without being surly, Wild Woolley, who has already won £4,000 in stakes, who will win at least another £5,000 next year, and when he retires will command a stud fee of £50, is a very grim and concentrated performer. He never wags his tail. He has his head down. If you wave a dead rabbit in front of him—an action that would drive any other greyhound into hysterics of excitement—he merely sneers and turns his head away. And yet he is only two years old!

On the track there is nothing at the moment to touch him. In this last greyhound Derby Future Cutlet was a hot favourite. But Future Cutlet, though brilliantly fast, is a stupid fellow, and Wild Woolley ran him out of it by sheer grim skill in the last few yards. Wild Woolley's parents were Hautley and Wild Witch, but though good performers, neither of them was a real flier. All that breeders can say so far is that either a litter is good in its entirety or it is poor stuff. It is proved that a three-year-old is likely to run better than a two-year-old, and on the whole Irish greyhounds are faster and more rangy. Beyond that they cannot go, as yet.

In colour they may be brindle, black, red, fawn, blue ("mouse-coloured"), white, together with the various combinations.

(Continued on p. 250)

THE END OF THE RACE: The disappearance of the electric hare mystifies most dogs, although the "great" ones sense at once that the race is over. No. 4 might be saying "Where has that dashed hare gone?" so eloquent is his expression



THE MILKMAN OF THE SANDS: An enterprising salesman at Ramsgate refutes the age-old charge of lack of initiative and "pep" hurled at British business, largely by America. His is, probably, the only pail on the beach which is not filled at some time or another with sea-water

THE AUGUST HO SEAS

NAVY WEEK was in full swing at Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth last week, to which the various tasks were done—are here seen re-created. The old sea of "Whiskey Johnnie." The eighteenth-century bo'sun is seen carrying *stonn* efforts of the laggards—a cu

IN SEARCH OF THE SUN: *On left* sun-bathers are seen on board an Orient liner making a Mediterranean cruise. The swimming pool is a popular feature, and sun-bathing is ever on the increase. *On right* is a mannequin parade, displaying the latest modes in bathing and beach suits, held on the White Star motor-vessel *Georgic*, lying in Gladstone Dock, Liverpool

THE GRAND STAND: A battleship "manned," not by its crew, but by visitors, acts in this capacity for a display of deep-sea diving that formed one of the most popular attractions of Navy week at Chatham. Even the crow's nest was occupied by the fascinated trippers

RAFTS AND CRAFTS! A scene at Clacton, where all ages swim and those that do not bathe paddle. The beach photographer, according to a punster of eighteenth-century taste, makes a "positive" success of his trade on the fine days of this regenerate summer

OLIDAY
ON in full Swing

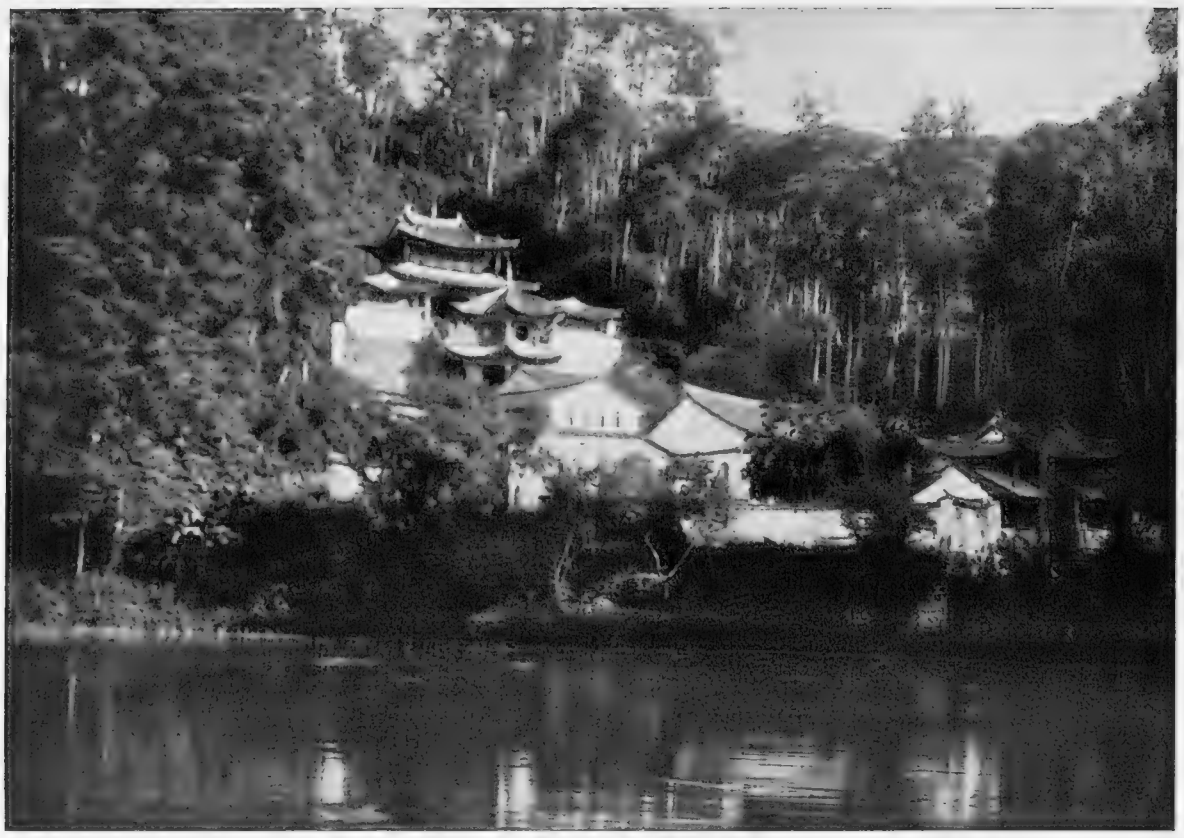
ek. The old days of the French wars—days when a fiddler provided the music sea chanties were revived and the capstan was turned to the stirring strains *tonnicky*—naval slang for the knotted rope with which he used to enliven the —a custom now discontinued

NATURE'S PICTURE FRAME: A superb vista seen through a rocky arch near Newquay on the north coast of Cornwall. The setting, if unidentified, might be ascribed to some tropical island. The seagull, winging its way out to sea seems by a trick of perspective, to be as large as the albatross of the Ancient Mariner

Charles E. Brown

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: A delightful study on board a cabin cruiser at Richmond. Motor-boating in the Thames is growing ever more popular

SUMMER BREEZES that, even on the hottest day, are to be enjoyed on the white cliffs of Albion. This picture shows a trio on the majestic heights of Beachy Head, below which, in the swirl of rock-churned water, the New Lighthouse (the old, Belle Toute, is now a tea palace on the top of the cliffs further to the west) looks for all the world, for all its 125 ft. of height, like a giant's pepper pot



THE PAVILION OF THE CHIEF DRAGON a couple of miles from Tengueh. Yuen Lung Ko, as this building is locally named, was spared on account of its great beauty by the Muslims during the rebellion of 1854—an unusual sensitivity in Islamic races who, throughout history, have been the destroyers of architectural monuments even though they built as fine, or finer, edifices than those destroyed

A TAOIST BEGGAR PRIEST: His long coat, formed of little pieces of blue cotton, is styled "the coat of a thousand houses" as he is supposed to have begged a piece from each of a thousand people therefor

THE FUNERARY SHOP: Here images are made and sold for use at funerals. In ancient times, slaves, horses, pots, and pans were buried in the grave to accompany the deceased to the spirit world, but now, from perhaps, motives of economy, earthenware images, paper images, and paper money only are sacrificed. It is hoped that the gods will wink at the substitution

BURMESE LADIES on their way to a Buddhist Monastery with gifts for the priests. They are dressed in brightly coloured silks. This picture is one of a series recently obtained.

A CHINESE OF TENGUEH out for exercise. One of their favourite pastimes is to take a caged bird out for an airing

TENGUEH

Burma's Gateway to China

For a thousand miles, from the snows of Tibet to the tropical jungles of Indo-China, Burmese territory marches with the province of Yunnan. The northern half of the frontier is composed of the mighty ranges of the Irrawaddy — Salween divide — and runs through sparsely populated and, in many places, unexplored country, while the lofty passes, closed to traffic in winter by snow, obstruct the development of trade, which is carried on the backs of mules over the roughest of tracks imaginable.

The little walled town of Tengueh is 135 miles from Bhamo, the headquarters of one of the frontier districts of Burma. Bhamo is situated on the banks of the River Irrawaddy and is a thousand miles from Rangoon. Its communication with the outside world is maintained by boats which take the place of trains. The frontier is fifty-one miles from Bhamo, and Tengueh is eighty-four miles from the border. The whole distance has to be covered on ponies, the baggage being carried by little Yunnan pack mules.

The accompanying pictures were taken last summer on the way up to, and in Tengueh itself.

Up to the end of last century, Tengueh was a town of third-rate importance only, and the prominent event in its history is that it was the last stronghold of the Panthays in their rebellion of 1850 when the whole province of Yunnan was bathed in blood. Thousands were massacred in Tengueh, most of them being hurled alive —men, women, and children—over the waterfall, while their houses were burnt and razed to the ground.

After the Rebellion it was almost a city of the dead and did not regain its small commercial importance as the entrepôt of trade between Burma and Northern Yunnan until the British Treaty of 1894 forced its opening to foreign trade and residence.

It was not, however, till 1899 that any steps were taken to carry this provision into effect, and the real opening of the "treaty port" of Tengueh did not take place until three years later.

The establishment of a British Consulate did however increase its official importance, for Tengueh rapidly became the centre for negotiations between the Burma and Yunnan Governments regarding the Northern Burma-Yunnan frontier, with the result that the Taotai (a title later changed to Taoyin), or Commissioner for the North Western Division of Yunnan moved his head-quarters from Talifu to Tengueh.

During the Middle Ages when the Chinese conquered Yunnan they left behind them officers to rule the non-Chinese tribes—the Shans, Kachins, Lisu, Palaungs, and others—and to impose on them the "pax Sinica." Their position was made hereditary and they were given high sounding titles.

There are many different tribes inhabiting the jungle clad mountains of the Burma-China frontier.

The hill tribes are animists; but some have adopted Buddhism or rather grafted it on to their animist beliefs. A common sight in Tengueh are the Buddhist nuns, who need much coaxing to pose for a picture.

Amid groves of trees on the deforested hills all around are situated many lovely temples, most of which were in a spirit of religious fervour partially destroyed by the Muhamadan rebels during the Panthay Rebellion. They have since been partially restored. On entering their courtyards the visitor is welcomed by a priest or a nun and invited to look round; very often tea is offered in little china bowls.

In dark little shops on each side of the narrow streets women sit and polish jade and amber their bound feet ceaselessly working the treadles which turn the grinding or polishing stones. There is no eight-hour day for them; they work from dawn till dark.

In another quarter one whole street is full of shops where paper animals and paper furniture are made. These together with paper money are burnt at funerals for the use of the departed in the spirit world.

B. C.

A BULGARIAN TROY

Where Khan Krum Drank from his Skull Goblet

(From an Interview with the Hungarian Archæologe, Dr. Géza Fehér)

A correspondent of THE SPHERE has just had an interview with the archæologist who has been working on a very fruitful site at Madara in Bulgaria. His work extending over a series of years has recently been completed, and the results published. By Dr. Géza Fehér's courtesy we are able to publish these notes and pictures describing what is veritably a Bulgarian Troy.

"When in 1922 I went for the first time on a scientific expedition to Bulgaria, my aim was to solve the mystery round the huge equestrian relief carved into the steep rocks of Madara. As it was impossible to do this from distance—it is in 23 metres high and set on an almost inaccessible place—upon my request the Bulgarian National Museum built up a structure from which I was able to make careful investigations, with the result that we now know that interesting work of art originates from the ninth century and represents the tomb of the famous Bulgarian, Khan Krum. As such it counts among the most important monuments of the culture of the East in Europe.

"After this discovery it was only a step forward to deduce that in the environs of Madara other remains of the proto-Bulgarian epoch must exist; and fifty soldiers were commanded by the Bulgarian National Museum to undertake further excavations, which brought more than surprising results.

"On the top of the plateau we found a big castle between monumental palaces of stone, also pagan altars, proving that these monuments originated also from the proto-Bulgarian period. Even more valuable were the finds at the bottom of the rocks, where a whole Bulgarian Troy was brought to light. Prehistoric caves, housing and burial places of prehistoric men, a Nymphean of the Roman epoch, relics of walls and coins of Byzantine origin, show the different nations housed there in the course of centuries.

"The archæological finds of Madara, Pliska and Preslav gave a certain proof that during the era of tribal wanderings the Bulgars and Hungarians were the only tribes which formed a unic state and, contrary to what is still generally taught, they did not live a nomadic life but were quiet settlers. It is now certain that they settled down, were farmers, and formed a bastion to Western Europe against the invasion of the wild hordes and tribes riding like a whirlwind from the East.

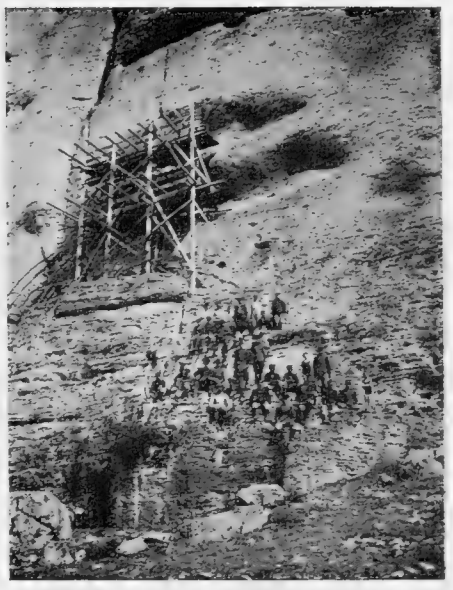
"Through these settlers came the culture of the East to Europe in the ninth century and the territories once inhabited by them are the sole places in Europe, where monuments of the Orient of genuine quality could be found in bulk.

"I have given a detailed report on excavations in Bulgaria in a book, recently published by the Hungarian National Museum, under the title, *Les Monuments de la Culture Protobulgare et leurs Relations Hongroises*, in both Hungarian and French."

Krum reigned from 802–815 and was something of a Peter the Great—a Slav with all the cruelty and all the ability of the greatest of the Czars. Under his rule the Bulgarian sway was extended from the Carpathians to Adrianople, the Valley of the Struma was conquered and Serdica (Sofia) was taken. Although Preslav, the then capital, was besieged and burned by the Byzantine "Emperor of Rome," Nicephorus, the Greek army was annihilated in a Balkan pass and the Emperor was slain. With a typical gesture, the skull of the Byzantine was converted by Krum into a goblet from which the Khan drank his rough wine.

Only thirty-five years subsequently to Krum's death was Bulgaria christianized by the disciples of Saints Cyril and Methodius, the work of these two notable missionaries being confined to the Slavs of Moravia.

CARVED IN THE LIVING ROCK: The relief of a horseman followed by a dog. It is now held to be the tomb of Khan Krum, the Peter the Great for ability, as for cruelty, of ninth-century Bulgaria



A DETACHMENT OF THE BULGARIAN ARMY was requisitioned to assist Dr. Géza Fehér in his Bulgarian excavations. This structure had to be erected for him to investigate the tomb of Khan Krum

AN AERIAL VIEW of Madara, Bulgaria, where Dr. Géza Fehér discovered a Bulgarian Troy. The gigantic rock scarp, 300 yards long, on which Krum's tomb was found is not in this view

A RELIEF, with rampant tail, which probably formed a portion of a wall found in Madara. The artistic convention is characteristic

ROYAL BIRDS on a bas-relief discovered by Dr. Géza Fehér in Madara. These quasi-heraldic reliefs are executed on sandstone

THE DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE, the emblem, "inverted and displayed," of the joint Habsburg kingdom of Austria and Hungary, found in ninth-century Bulgaria

A PANORAMIC VIEW of the scarp of rock, precipitously steep and 300 yards long, on an inaccessible point of which Dr. Géza Fehér discovered the tomb, marked by a relief of a horseman and a dog, of Khan Krum

TRACES OF ROMAN OCCUPATION: The ritual bathing pool of the Roman period, excavated by Dr. Géza Fehér, under the rock of Madara

FILMS OF TO-DAY

MISS DIANA NAPIER who is one of the coming stars discovered by Mr. Alexander Korda. She is to be seen in the London film production, *Wedding Rehearsal*

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER—WITH CURLY HAIR! Mr. Owen Nares is highly irate at seeing Miss Jessie Matthews dancing with another man—an amusing scene in the British Lion Gainsborough film, *There Goes the Briae*, to be trade-shown next month

MISS SUNDAY WILSHIN who plays the heiress in *Marry Me*, a new Gainsborough picture, issues an invitation by telephone. She is now playing in variety with Mr. Claud Allister

MONEY MEANS NOTHING: Mr. John Loder and Mr. Gibb McLaughlin, a new Paramount production

ROME EXPRESS: The English bore abroad. Mr. Gordon Harker (centre) tells one of his tedious golfing stories to Messrs. Harold Huth and Donald Calthrop, much to their mutual *ennui* and the audience's amusement

LOVE ON WHEELS: Mr. Gordon Harker and Mr. Jack Hulbert determine to visit the Metropolis

THE ELOQUENT FEET of Mr. Jack Hulbert add to the gaiety of *Love on Wheels*, a new Gainsborough production. This dance is held in the lampshade department of a great general store

MR. CLAUD ALLISTER, the famous "silly ass" of the films, makes his welcome re-appearance on the stage in *Getting Unmarried*, a sketch in which he plays with Miss Sunday Wilshin at the Victoria Palace

IN OLD LONDON TOWN

CHANGE AT ST. ETHELBURGA'S: The well-known church of St. Ethelburga in Bishopsgate for many generations has had a cutler's shop built on to its front in medieval style. This is now in course of removal in order to widen the footway. A Gothic window and old stonework are revealed

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S GATEHOUSE RESTORED: The ancient gatehouse of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, London's oldest church, has been still further restored. The front facing Smithfield was reconditioned several years ago; the back has now been extended and repaired as a residence for the rector

A STRAND BOTTLE-NECK DISAPPEARING: A bottle-neck which has long troubled traffic in the Strand is now vanishing. These shops—on the south side of the Strand—backed on to a part of the old Adelphi district. The view is taken looking towards Charing Cross

AN OPEN-AIR BATHING POOL IN THE HEART OF THE WEST END: An attractive feature has just been added to the Piccadilly Hotel in the shape of a circular bathing pool. It occupies part of the open colonnade space facing Piccadilly. Some hotel guests are seen taking advantage of this novel feature

MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, who gives a brilliant performance in *Party* at the Strand Theatre—a production recently strengthened by the author, Mr. Ivor Novello, who has joined the cast

PLAYS and ENTERTAINMENTS IN AUGUST

By PHILIP PAGE

Tradition dies very hard. Indeed, it is not only the theatrical "last-ditchers" who will declare still that the home of all that is best in the drama and its interpretation is France. Perhaps Molière started it—but that was a long time ago.

Yet the fact that Molière was a great man (and Racine and Corneille very dull ones), that Sarah Bernhardt had a *voix d'or* and Réjane an expressive ugliness, and that the Guitrys are rather wonderful people is not sufficient to justify the considerable adulation of the French theatre as it is to-day and the unfavourable comparison of our own with it.

Some of us are apt to regard the French as essentially a "theatre-minded" nation. True, they are fond of writing little journalistic episodes in dramatic form. Their gestures are expressive. I have seen shockingly bad French actors; but the shockingly bad French actor is never quite so terrible as the shockingly bad English actor, simply because natural instinct teaches him how to use his hands.

The almost religious respect which so many English people pay to the French theatre to-day is not, however, due to any such reasons. It is a legacy from Victorian times. In the days before Tom Robertson came along with cup-and-saucer comedies which were at any rate English and, compared with the general taste of the period, natural and lifelike, more than two-thirds of the plays produced in London were adapted from the French.

Great prominence was given to this borrowing, and the inevitable label was considered to have some peculiar virtue about it, Scribe being regarded by the majority as a genius by whose side Shakespeare and Sheridan seemed very small beer indeed.

If "Adapted from the French" is no longer an inscription found as a matter of course on English theatre programmes (though the next production at the Aldwych, *Fifty-Fifty*, has a French origin), the idea remains that the French theatre can teach us a thing or two and that the Comédie Française is an institution eminently desirable.

That is, I do not hesitate to say, all bunkum. I do not admit that the theatre in England is moribund or anything like it. But if it is, the theatre in France is dead and buried, in spite of the Guitrys and the Compagnie des Quinze.

French people are only mildly interested in the theatre nowadays. They like the cinema, they are devoted to boxing, and a bicycle race round France sends them into a fever of excited interest. But the theatre—no.

I have just spent a few days in France, journeying from north to south and back again. In Paris there is only a mere handful of theatres open as against twenty-two in London. The only good play there last week was not "adapted from the English," but played in English—*Musical Chairs*. Town after town has "Clôture Annuelle" pasted on the walls of its theatres, and when a French theatre goes in for a period of closure it is not a matter of weeks but of months.

A few of the fashionable resorts run, of course, a theatre in conjunction with the Casino, mainly for the benefit of foreign visitors. But a city such as Marseilles, which is not fashionable but of vast size, has at present *all* its theatres closed, and even its cinemas are few and poor. The theatre at Toulon roused itself from a long sleep the other day only for a flying matinée given by that indefatigable veteran Mistinguett. An open-air performance of *Die Walküre* in the picturesque wilds of Provence I found more humorous than impressive.

The English picture is much more heartening, despite this continued talk of the "doldrums." If the theatre is not precisely a flourishing industry, either in London or in the provinces, in these times of holidays it is very far from being dead.

Provincial theatres, though many are given over to the films, are not closed for months at a time; nor, for the most part, are they tawdry, dirty, overheated and uncomfortable, providing only stale fare acted by fourth-rate companies. There is no moderate-sized town in France which can boast the activity of Malvern, which, thanks to Sir Barry Jackson, is becoming a sort of English Salzburg. But then, an enterprising Mæcenas such as Sir Barry is a rarity in any country. They certainly do not breed the type in France. Nor has France the equivalent of Stratford-upon-Avon.

This comparison, with its attendant remarks, is not intended to be a vicious attack on the French theatre, which is not finished any more than any theatre in any country will ever be finished. For the drama, portrayed by living people, has been in the very bones of the human race for thousands of years, and neither scientific development nor economic difficulty is going to eradicate it.

But to claim, as so many people still claim, that France is a sort of Alma Mater of the theatre, from whom a couple of continents must learn, is the height of foolishness.

To return to the Malvern Festival, Shaw is the local god, looming large even as Wagner did at Bayreuth. Discussion of his new play *Too True to be Good* must, perforce, be postponed until next week.

By way of contrast, I have just seen at Malvern

MISS LILYAN TASHMAN, a distinguished screen star, in a "chilly summer evening" ensemble

THE MALVERN FESTIVAL: Sir Barry Jackson, the organizer and originator of the Festival, entertains a number of well-known people at his Malvern residence. G. B. S., whose new play *Too True to be Good* was produced last Saturday, is seen with Sir Barry and a group of guests

A STAR OF THE FUTURE: Miss Roma Beaumont, whose performance in the Piccadilly Revels at the Piccadilly Hotel augurs well for her future

RHYTHM ON WHEELS: Mary, tastic ability on roller of the season. They are at the

something as un-Shavian as possible. Save that both can be guilty at times of long stretches of dullness, Shaw has little in common with Thomas Southerne, whose play *Oroonoko* was first produced in 1695. The stage will not be the poorer if it does not see the light again until 2695. But Sir Barry Jackson, true to his scheme of showing us, during the present Malvern Festivals, specimens of the English drama all over its periods, has done a service in taking this old piece from its dusty Restoration shelf, blowing the moths out of it, and proving that a play is, unlike a fiddle or a sideboard, none the better for being old.

This story of "the noble savage," for *Oroonoko* is a mixture of Othello and Man Friday, has comedy and tragedy so awkwardly combined that the latter ceases to impress. We are sorry for the dusky hero—for is he not "a man and a brudder"?—when the scoundrelly English governor cheats him and has him put to death; but we can hardly mourn his death, for every line he spoke showed the pompous prig and such, whatever the colour of their skins, are better dead.

Mr. Ralph Richardson played the part with immense seriousness (which is the only way to play it) and was extremely good. The noble savage (again the Othello touch) had taken unto himself a blonde wife who spoke in as nobly tragic a fashion as he himself did. Had Miss Margaret Halstan not been the clever actress she undoubtedly is, the effect would have been uncomfortably reminiscent of Miss Constance Bennett playing Lady Macbeth.

Paul Tanqueray

BENITA HUME, the charming young British actress whose performance in Ivor Novello's play, *Party*, at the Strand, has attracted a great deal of favourable attention

I have heard much of the naughty wit of the Restoration drama. I have chuckled at some of it and have chuckled still more at the sight, on the occasion of certain Sunday night revivals, of middle-aged women of spotless reputation listening, without the batting of an eyelid, to words and phrases which the most Rabelaisian habitué of the club smoking-room would hesitate to use without apology.

Thomas Southerne is not naughty. But he is certainly not a wit, and it says a great deal for the intelligence and energy of Miss Ellen Pollock and Miss Isabel Thornton that they should have saved the several "comic" scenes from the inspissated gloom towards which they appeared every moment to be tending.

Mr. Ivor Novello now adds the glamour of his own personality to his play, *Party*, his other (and far better) play, *I Leave it to You*, having ended its run and left the author-actor available.

When first I saw *Party* I regarded it as an amusing entertainment for those who are well learned in theatrical "shop," who have a large circle of theatrical and journalistic friends, and who regularly attend those orgies of insincerity—the jamborees given to mark the production of a new play. But I suggested that its appeal would probably be limited to these folk, most of whom would expect to see it for nothing.

Mr. Novello, however, knows human nature better than I suspected. *Party* has been drawing large audiences of the uninitiated to the Strand Theatre for some time, mainly, I imagine, because those audiences consider that such a visit is in itself an initiation to mysteries whose attraction I myself have never been able to understand, even in the salad days.

With Mr. Novello now appearing in person the initiation is likely to be regarded as more complete, and ever larger audiences are more than probable. As the young baronet who brought his newly-married wife to the party given by his former mistress—*noblesse oblige*—he puts up a smooth and attractive performance.

Party is not a good play, but it moves, is alive, and does not bore. Those are considerable virtues. And Miss Lilian Braithwaite (who, of course, is no more intended to be Mrs. P-t-ck C-mp-l than is Miss Edith Evans in *Evensong* intended to be Dame N-l-ie M—ba) is so brilliantly entertaining that if only on her account alone the Strand Theatre is worth a second visit.

Of the long series of Aldwych farces, *Thark* is my favourite, and I went along to see the film version of it at the New Gallery prepared to be slightly disappointed, since few things could have been funnier than the flesh-and-blood original.

So far from being disappointed, I willingly admit that in some respects it goes one better. On the screen the story appears to be even more deliciously irresponsible. Far more is made of the best scene of all—it seemed to be prolonged, though not unduly so—in which Mr. Ralph Lynn and Mr. Tom Walls share a bed in the haunted room.

A surreptitious whisky and soda taken by one of them in the dark from a bedside table, and the noise of the siphon being mistaken by the other for the ghastly gurgle the ghost is supposed to make, is a situation which blows sky-high the theory that there are only eleven possible jokes in farce, and that all of them have been used eleven thousand times.

Only the opening part of the film was a trifle slow; in other parts the careful editing, for which I am told Mr. Alfred Roome is responsible, has resulted in a swiftness of movement and an avoidance of over-emphasis which should be studied by certain American producers who often manage to kill a good thing by chewing it to death.

MISS IRIS ASHLEY, who contributes a great deal of charm to the Savoy Follies at the Savoy Theatre

Messrs. Walls and Lynn have it all their own way and few others have much of a look in—an arrangement at which I am not disposed to grumble. But Miss Joan Brierley plays very charmingly and talks the English language.

The Doomed Battalion at the Empire is one of that large family, each member of which is label led "a film that is different." There must be at the present moment so many films that are different (and all exactly like each other) that I shall have to fall back upon the small residue of films that are not different and therefore having some claim to be original.

The Doomed Battalion is a war film made partly in Hollywood, which must be congratulated on having dealt with a campaign in Austrian Tyrol without the introduction of a single cabaret scene.

Although historically it is a trifle late in the day, and from the point of view of preserving a record of no use whatever (since posterity will prefer to see actual scenes of the Great War, and no simulated ones, however carefully produced), *The Doomed Battalion* has its thrills, and the scenic grandeur has been exploited to the utmost. This story of a friendship between an Italian soldier and an Austrian guide, the one being concerned in the undermining of a mountain on which the other's regiment is garrisoned, serves as the necessary "strong human element" from the film standpoint. The film, however, would have been no less impressive without it. Technically it is superb.

ON HOLIDAY: Mr. Cyril Maude, with Master Norman Revill and Miss Patricia Johnson, the two children chosen for the train-bearers for the parade of children held to select the pages for the Queen of Carnival at Torquay. Lady Dorothy D'Oyly Carte is on *right*; the Queen, Miss Betty Parrish, on *left*

Erik, and Paul, whose fan-skates is one of the sights appearing in the cabaret Savoy Hotel

MAURICE, the amusing maître d'hôtel at the Trocadero, where he has formed the foundation of all the changes of the amusing Trocabaret

BOOKS:

A Holiday Jaunt to the Delights of Ermenonville: A Yorkshire Classic: Fantasy

By CECIL ROBERTS

THE RESTING-PLACE OF ROUSSEAU: The Château d'Ermenonville to which Mr. Cecil Roberts has recently paid a visit with the owner, the Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld

I wonder how many visitors to Paris with a fondness for literary associations are aware of the attractions of Ermenonville, which lies surrounded by an immense forest, about thirty miles from the capital, in the direction of Senlis. That old town is well-known to English visitors, and I found myself in it the other day while paying a visit to Mr. Louis Bromfield. He is yet one more addition to the circle of American writers who have made their homes in France. Edith Wharton is the doyen of this community, but she is so closely identified with French life that one regards her more as the châtelaine of the château than as an American woman domiciled in France.

Ever since he emerged with *The Green Bay Tree* I have regarded Mr. Bromfield as the most interesting of the younger school of American writers, and with his last work *A Modern Hero*, he now stands in the very front rank, in fact I should count him as the most considerable writer of the modern generation of American novelists. It seems to me he has more poetic sensibility, more grace and originality than Mr. Sinclair Lewis. He is not content to return to his most successful theme, and while a realist, he is never afraid of romance. He is young enough for one to prophesy that his best work is yet before him, though with such sterling achievement already behind him it is a little unreasonable to expect that he can progressively surpass his own record.

If beauty is the essential setting of a novelist, then Mr. Bromfield has found for himself an ideal setting. In the old town of Senlis he has bought himself the old Presbytery, which commands on one side, with uneven face, the corner of the road. Behind a high wall, and a forbidding oak door that betrays little of the ready hospitality hidden within, the house faces a garden bordered by a mill stream. The house, fronting this garden almost exotic in the richness of its blooms, has an almost Provençal air. The exterior provides a setting hospitable to the ghost of Monsieur le Curé, or the sly shade of an Abbé, but what would either make of the twentieth century brightness of the interior with white walls, gay paints, and a décor that looks like a transcription from *Vogue?* I think after the first shock they would like it, as I liked it, and after ten minutes in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Bromfield they would not be sure what the interior was like, particularly after a certain tomato-ketchup cocktail, if that is a fair description of the brew that reduced me to silence and stimulated an exotic lady with the longest eyelashes I have ever seen on a human being.

And to dispel any idea that Louis Bromfield is able to work in the presence of anyone so ravishing as the lady I have mentioned, let me add that she was my companion and that of the young gentleman, a connoisseur of feminine beauty, who had transported me there. And this brings me to my other host, and near neighbour of Mr. Bromfield.

It is a short ride to Ermenonville, and the village can be taken on the return drive to Paris, after passing through the magnificent forest. Château d'Ermenonville, with its lakes and ornamental gardens, is the property of the Vicomte Sosthene de la Rochefoucauld, and of his brother, Comte Armand de la Rochefoucauld. It is famous in literary annals for its association with the last days of Rousseau, for he died here and was buried on an island surrounded with poplars, in the centre of a lake facing the château. The house itself is modern, of no singular beauty, and yet so exquisitely set, with its moat, lakes, forest and gardens, that the impression is unforgetable. In a small privately printed brochure, Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld has narrated the history of the place, *Discours prononcé devant la Société des Amateurs au château d'Ermenonville*, and the text is beautifully illustrated with engravings of the house and the gardens.

The village is very ancient, its origin can be traced back to the seventh century. The property belonged originally to one, Boutellier de Senlis, a descendant of Charlemagne. It was then a feudal castle flanked by towers, subsequently attacked and burnt in the time of the Jacquerie. Later it became the property of Dominique de Vic, who, at the battle of Ivry had lost a limb but had gained the esteem of his King. De Vic was frequently visited at his château by Henry IV. It achieved fame as a hunting-box, and as a retreat for the *amours* of the King, with the result that it became better known as *La Tour de Gabrielle*, for it was here that the beautiful and famous Gabrielle d'Estrées and her illustrious lover were wont to meet.

In 1753 the château passed into the hands of one, Réne Hatte, a councillor of the King, whose daughter married the Marquis de Vauvray, and the son of this marriage was the first to carry the title of the Marquis de Girardin. He inherited from his grandfather a considerable fortune and it was he who brought splendour and renown to his property. He was the most outstanding figure among those millionaire-philosophers who displayed their taste and originality towards the end of the eighteenth century and made it remarkable in art, architecture, and literature by their ample patronage and enthusiasm.

Réne de Girardin had been a soldier and had distinguished himself in the Seven Years War. He was an ardent disciple of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose ideas were then disturbing the thought of Europe, and he was involved in furious argument with his neighbour and friend, Stanislas Leczinski, ex-King of Poland, who naturally combated these revolutionary ideas.

For several years this enterprising young Marquis travelled about Europe. In Germany, in Italy, and in England he developed a tremendous passion for gardening. Above all, in England he received inspiration, particularly after a visit to the gardens of the poet Shenstone. In 1766, a young man of thirty-one, Girardin installed himself at Ermenonville and began his great task of transforming the wilderness of woodland and lake into a fairyland. He was not a blind imitator of established fashions. In ten years he had achieved a miracle.

It has been stated that he created the first English park and garden in France. Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld believes he did more. "Assurément l'Angleterre avait exercé sur le marquis une influence considérable; enemi des jardins d'architecture, il refusait même d'admettre que les créations de Gabriel ou les palais de Mansard demandassent autour d'eux des lignes architecturales. A ses yeux, le jardin à la française était une évocation de la rigidité du siècle de Louis XIV. Pour lui les jardins anglais, c'était la fin de la constrainte, la suppression des abus, le retour à la Nature."

The English model served as the basis of his design, but that was all. He created garden after garden. He employed Scotch gardeners and animated them with his enthusiasm. Lakes, cascades, grottoes, an Arcadian prairie, a Temple of Philosophy, dedicated to Montaigne, an island of poplars, a mill; in all he created some fifty-six "curiosities," of which some thirty remain to this day. But the crowning distinction was the choice of Ermenonville by Rousseau as his last resting place. He came there by carriage on the 20th of May, 1778, worn out in body and wearied of Paris with its noise and dust and homage. The Marquis went to meet him. "*Sa joie fut si grande qu'il ne fut plus possible à son ami de le retenir en voiture.*" So the old philosopher approached the château on foot. He took up his residence in a Swiss châlet which his host had built for him at his request in the grounds. But he was not to experience the pleasures of the place for long. He died there on the 2nd of July and was buried at midnight, amid the flames of the torches held by the villagers, on the island of poplars. The tomb, with its inscription, remains there to this day, but in 1794, by a decree of the Convention, the body of the national hero was exhumed and conveyed to the Pantheon. The Marquis protested in vain it was against Rousseau's own wishes. Even Girardin himself and his children were flung into gaol, despite the early sympathies the Marquis himself had shown towards the revolutionary age.

Ermenonville has drawn many distinguished vistors, both for its natural beauty and its historic associations. In 1780 the Court of France paid a visit, then followed the Russian princes and princesses, Mirabeau, Robespierre, Chénier, the Emperor Joseph II and Queen Hortense. When the French Court went there Girardin welcomed the royal visitors, gave them a concert in the Tour Gabrielle, and preserved a stone bench on which Marie Antoinette sat to receive the homage of the young countryfolk who came to give her a crown of roses. Franklin and Schiller came, and one day the young Count Stanislas de Girardin received Bonaparte and Josephine. The noble tradition of hospitality is continued by the present owners, and recent visitors have included King Alfonso and Prince George.

It has been fortunate that the château and grounds have fallen into hands that have care for its treasures. The present owners received it as a legacy from their uncle, Prince Léon Radziwill, who kept the whole estate in splendid order. To-day every courtesy is offered to visitors by my friends, and as the brochure from which I have quoted shows, the Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld regards himself as the guardian of an historic landmark in French literature.

I welcome a new edition of a Yorkshire classic, *The Weaver's Web*, by J. Keighley Snowden (Cape. 7s. 6d.). Stories in dialect are seldom attractive to me but as Viscount Snowden points out in his preface, this story preserves with beauty and fidelity the life that once existed in a West Riding village above the trackless moors of the Pennine Hills. The shuttle that sounded in these village homes has forever gone, as also the rich dialect, but the sturdy character of the Yorkshireman remains. The structure of the story is of the simplest material, plain, contrasted characters, but the drama of life runs strongly. The character of Weasel the poacher, incredibly wise in country lore, of Binnie Driver, the stern Methodist who was the backbone of that early radicalism destined to reform the life of England, the hard, stubborn virtues inculcated by poverty, all these things from a mode of life forever gone, are faithfully preserved and made vital. It is thirty-four years since this story first saw the light. It is not dated by time because its appeal is based upon human motives, and workmanship of such intrinsic honesty is beyond the neglect of fashion.

A LADY OF LETTERS: Mrs. Virginia Woolf, who has, since her book, *The Waves*, published only *Letter to a Poet*—part of the Hogarth Presseries

The heroine of Mr. Joseph Delmont's *Mistress of the Skies* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) is an Austrian, not Australian as the jacket says, who, in order to pursue her studies in the University from which women are banned, masquerades as a youth. From this fantastic start the book jumps into sheer Jules Verne, for this enterprising young lady discovers a means of propelling herself over the wireless waves of the world. It is all highly nonsensical, but a feat of imagination carried through by the author with great gusto. It contains some propaganda for Austria which no reader can begrudge.

A RISING GERMAN WOOD-CARVER: And Other Art Matters

A PIONEER: The first yacht to try to win back the America Cup—Mr. J. Ashbury's *Cambria*, built in 1868. She raced *Dauntless* from Queenstown to New York and won, but was later beaten in the Cup. This rare print is on view at the Parker Galleries, Berkeley Square

"BALLET GIRL"—a charming work in Chelsea Cheyne Pottery, by Miss Gwendolyn Parnell, who is exhibiting at the Walker Galleries. The delicate power and *vraisemblance* in this particularly attractive piece are remarkable

A BRIG IN A FRESH GALE WITH A VIEW OF DOVER: A canvas of considerable merit in the convention of the early Victorians by John Thomas Serres, which is No. 1 in the Exhibition now being held at the Cotswold Gallery, Frith Street

A CORREGGIO FOUND IN A MAGAZINE: Signor Maucere of Bologna discovered, when revising the magazines of the Reale Pinaco Teca, this coloured pencil sketch of Madonna and Child by Correggio

THE RIEMENSCHNEIDER MEMORIAL HALL, erected to the memory of the great wood-carver who had one foot in the late Gothic, one in the Renaissance, and died at Würzburg, near which the hall is situate, in 1531. It was built entirely by voluntary offerings. The artist's gravestone, carved with a bas-relief portrait by his son, and found last century, has been set in the hall

BY A MASTER IN WOOD: A St. Anna, by Tilman Riemenschneider, now enshrined in the Memorial Hall at Würzburg. This work shows the artist as the last and greatest representative of monumental Gothic sculpture and woodcarving After a disregard of centuries the mastery of Riemenschneider was recognized fifty years ago, and appreciation of him has increased ever since

FIFTEENTH CENTURY: An old fortified château at Pisy, now a farm, which, despite its ramshackle appearance, holds great interest

Drawing by Percy Home

THE FACADE OF OLD BRIGHTON, with its crescents and squares, is a delight to anyone who appreciates the beauty of Regency architecture

THE HILLS of BURGUNDY

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE CHARM of BRIGHTON

Of the many lovely districts that France has to offer, few can compare in beauty with certain parts of Burgundy, where struggles that took place in medieval history have left behind much of great historical value and interest.

The motorist leaving Paris for the south usually makes Avallon the first stopping place. Here, in this busy old town, filled on most days with market carts laden with farm produce, the tourist can refresh himself with the typical dish of rich cream cheese, over which cream is poured and sugar added. The old-age atmosphere of this picturesque city is emphasized by its creeper-clad walls and many well-preserved fifteenth-century houses; whilst the church, with a magnificent Romanesque doorway, provides an example of the finest of this style of architecture in Burgundy.

On a green hill, like some guardian outpost, lies Vezelay, famous for its church which is one of the most beautiful historic monuments in France. Much indeed might be said about its striking interior and the variety of its quaintly carved columns. It is a long climb up the narrow main street to the terraces which flank the building, yet from amongst the trees a wonderful vista of the countryside is disclosed. Popular with the French holiday maker, accommodation is often taxed to the utmost. The hotels sometimes find it necessary to commandeer the village school and the visitor finds himself temporarily housed amid the diminutive furniture of an infants' classroom.

Curiosities of Nature intermingle with those created by man. At Arcy, for instance, are underground grottoes calculated to rouse the enthusiasm of the most hardened sight-seer. Formed by the action of a subterranean river, a vast cavern nearly a mile long remains. Sub-divided into a series of communicating caves by a forest of stalactites and stalagmites of gigantic proportion, the effect is weird in the extreme, and is heightened by the skilful application of floodlight, which transforms the whole into a semblance of some magician's haunt from Arabian Nights. It was here too that the jawbone of an ape-like man was once found in the limestone rock together with other relics of the cave dweller of the Stone Age.

In a village whose name Montréal takes one to Canada, though it is actually derived from the Latin—Mons Regalis (royal mount)—and whose characteristics are those of the Cotswolds, there are some very remarkable carved choir stalls. A priest pouring wine into an immense flagon is a reminder that this district is famous for this product.

Auxerre, the old capital town, must not be forgotten, with the tower of its fine cathedral rising above the banks of the Yonne, and its crypt walls covered with curious frescoes relating to the Apocalypse. Until early in the fifteenth century the nave furnished a setting for the "Donkey's Fête," in which an ass was led to the high altar and the last appointed canon had to provide the ball for a game of pelota. This was afterwards presented to the dean and followed up with banquet and dance.

Although this district of Burgundy is associated with the names of famous wines and produces over four millions every year, it must also be remembered for its links with English history. It was to Vezelay that Thomas à Becket came on his banishment from England

SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A picturesque and old-world corner in Avallon

BY THE ROADSIDE: An old château breaks the monotony of tree-lined roads

CROWNED BY ITS CHURCH: Vezelay, perched on a hill, presents one of the loveliest sights in Burgundy. In setting it recalls Lincoln, dominating the eastern plain

Brighton has just added to its attractions by the opening of a new coast road to Rottingdean, and there is also a scheme on hand to build a promenade along the undercliff which will provide a delightful sea walk for visitors, and at the same time give very necessary protection against the inroads of the sea from which Brighton has suffered so much in the past. In those far-away days when Brighton was a tiny fishing hamlet, known as Brighthelmstone, the fishermen had their huts below the cliffs over which the sea now flows. One can plainly see this in an old print, drawn up to show the attack of the French in 1545, when the intrepid country folk lit their beacons and hastened to the shore to drive off the invaders. The sea, and the French men-of-war combined, reduced Brighthelmstone to a very dejected condition. So much so that a writer in 1724 speaks in a most melancholy fashion about it, saying, "The sea is very unkind to this town, and has by its continual encroachments so gained upon it, that in a little more time they might reasonably expect it would eat up the whole town, about 100 houses having been devoured by the water a few years past." Permission was granted for the inhabitants to collect money all over England to raise a sea wall.

It seems almost incredible that in little over fifty years Brighton had become famous, and was soon to be known as "London-on-Sea." It owed its soubriquet to its nearness to the great city, only fifty miles distant, and also probably to the fact that in the height of its popularity it really resembled London, when its squares and crescents were replicas of Mayfair. London, alas! is rapidly losing its eighteenth-century and Regency character, becoming more and more cosmopolitan, as the old buildings fall beneath the hammer of the destructor and the tall new buildings arise. But Brighton remains late eighteenth century, however modern may be cars and the appearance of those who frequent the Parade. There is no hunting about to find old corners—Brighton to-day is essentially the same in its layout and general appearance along the whole sea front as when George IV brought his Royal patronage to the one-time fishing village. The wide squares, graceful crescents, terraces, and parades still retain dignity and serenity, the distinguishing feature of Georgian architecture, and with a little more general painting up would deserve the title of "elegance," a term so dear to eighteenth-century writers.

One can still fancy oneself taking lodgings with the excellent Miss Honeyman, who had her house in Steyne Gardens, described by Thackeray in *The Newcomes*.

The coming of the railway marked the end of Brighton's era of distinctive fashion, for the trains brought so many people that Fashion, always elusive and as unreliable as the herrings which wander so curiously from place to place, packed up and departed for some other spot which she might make her own. But Brighton, in spite of this, has never lost its attraction, and the Southern Railway by its rapid trains continues to bring its passengers as heretofore to enjoy the invigorating air and the sparkling sea. There are few who, after a day or so at Brighton, will not affirm Thackeray's glowing praise, which must have endeared him to all the hotel and lodging-house keepers!

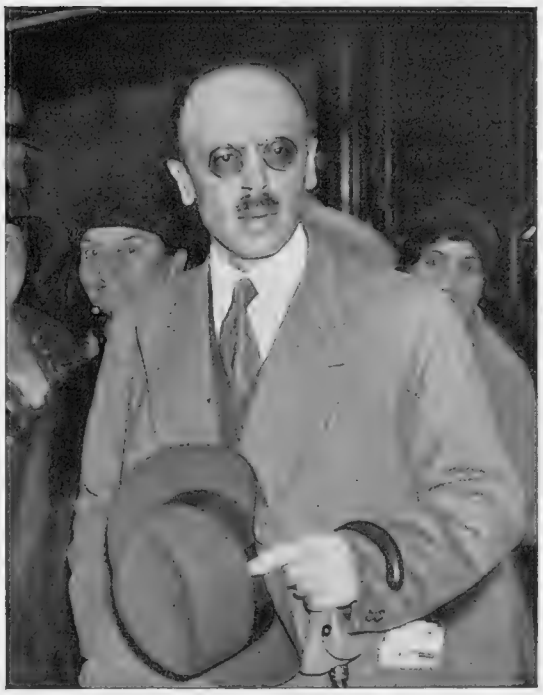
B. H.

CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE is everywhere to be found in Brighton byways

REGENCY SQUARE is a perfect example of the veranda-ed square

THE OLD BEACH on which the fisher-boats are still drawn up as a hundred years ago. Such a picture as this might (had photography been perfected) have been taken in 1832!

MEXICO: The State of Mexico is now represented by Señor Don Alberto Mascarenas, who was recently received by the King at St. James's. Don Mascarenas presents a tall striking figure in the correct frock coat of diplomacy



TURKEY: Mehmet Munir Bey, newly appointed Ambassador to St. James's, arrived the other day wearing smoked glasses

AMBASSADORS

ARGENTINA: Dr. Eduardo Labougle is here seen with his wife on their way to Berlin, where Dr. Labougle assumed the post of dipiomatic representative to Germany

CHINA: The new Nanking ambassador, Dr. Quo-Tai-Chi, arrived in London a few days ago with his wife. Other members of his family are also with him in England

ITALY: Signor Grandi has just been appointed Italian Ambassador to this country. A characteristic whimsical smile lights up the face of this youthful ambassador, who has now taken up his residence at 20, Grosvenor Square

CHINA: The ambassadorial family from Nanking shows Merlin Quo-Tai-Chi, the Minister's son, Miss Hau, his niece, Madame Tan, sister-in-law, and Miss Doris Tan, walking in their Portland Place garden

ITALY BACK TO ITALY: Just when Signor Grandi was arriving at Victoria to take up his new ambassadorial post, he encountered 200 Italian children off for a month's visit to Italy at the invitation of the Italian Government

In and Out of Doors

A Choice of Clothes for Midsummer

Right — A gown of blue and white spotted organdie cut on princess lines is an arresting foil to the more sophisticated charm of the white lace gown which accompanies it. The latter has an under-dress of angel-skin with draped collar and sash of the same material

Elli Marcus

Left—Full sleeves are a dominating feature of the Autumn mode and a hint of what is to come is conveyed in this afternoon gown of salmon crêpe which has beige appliqué work on the attractive full sleeves and a belt of rose and beige cord

Below on left—The popularity of striped woollen fabrics for autumn wear is foreshadowed on the right of this picture by the walking dress which makes a clever and becoming use of its design. Self-coloured stripes are also discernible on the morning dress of dark blue jersey cloth

Above — For late summer. Blue and white diagonal stripes distinguish the gored skirt of this taffeta gown as well as the bodice and sleeves. The slightly higher waistline is emphasized by the belt of blue and white leather

Left — Autumn will introduce anew the tailored suit with short fitting coat, but with the addition of elaborate collar and cuffs. The suit is photographed with a frock of striped crêpe which has a hat of the same striking fabric

GIVES RACING LUBRICATION TO EVERY TOURING MOTOR CYCLE

AERO SHELL

LUBRICATING OIL

* The PETROL World *

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

SAFETY ON THE ROAD.—There is no use mincing matters because in spite of better driving and more regulations the traffic problem is more acute now than ever before. To my mind safety and congestion on the road depend largely on the width of the various thoroughfares. Although the majority of our roads are not sufficiently wide, those that are are little better because the full space is not utilized. For instance, on a road like the Kingston by-pass there should be ample width for four cars abreast, but in very rare instances can one safely make even a third line of traffic. The trouble is that drivers will not keep close to the kerb. When this is done on each side the available space in between shrinks to such an extent that it is a risky business to place your car so that it is abreast of the other two. The authorities should therefore consider very seriously what are the best means of ensuring that every driver hugs his left hand kerb until he has to overtake another vehicle which is travelling slower in front. Another trouble is that too much of the available space is taken by drivers when they overtake another vehicle or when they are coming out of a side turning. Times without number we see a driver wishing to overtake a cyclist going right over to the offside of the road. At the moment I cannot make any useful suggestions for overcoming this trouble, but some solution must be forthcoming.

A REALLY MODERN GARAGE.—Some of us when we go to London, park our cars in one or other of the old established garages where nine times out of ten our valuable vehicle is allowed to stand in what is nothing more than a mews, which of course is public property. Many of these garages have developed from horse stables and although they suit us admirably just for parking we might do very much better. The other day I chanced to roll into the Lex Garage and Service Station in Lexington Street, Piccadilly Circus, London. Unless a motorist has paid a personal visit to a really up-to-date establishment such as this Lex building it is very difficult to realize what a thoroughly modern garage is like. To start with there is a shop where the motorist can buy soft drinks, cigarettes, chocolate, newspapers, periodicals, etc. It is decorated in the latest style and is immensely attractive. A motorist, male or female, finds there hairdressing establishments, beauty parlours, in fact all the conveniences of a modern store. What appealed to me perhaps more than anything else were the changing rooms which a man could use if he arrives by car and wishes to don evening clothes for a dinner, theatre, or dance. I have said enough to indicate how well and how thoroughly the individual is looked after, but I would also like to point out that the vehicle itself can have just the same individual attention should the owner so desire. There are four huge floors above the ground and one of the same size below street level.

No lifts for cars are used, for as the manager, Mr. Loader, explained to me, these otherwise excellent mechanical contrivances have an unfortunate habit of sometimes going out of adjustment at the busy theatre hour in the evening. Ramps are therefore provided to every floor and I was pleased to notice that they are not built on a curve which, in my experience, is always difficult to negotiate. They are dead straight and one just leaves the ramp at whatever particular floor the car is to be left. When inspecting the premises I was amazed to find that these concrete looking ramps, although shiny from use, were in no way slippery; in fact, on rubbing my shoe on the surface I found it gripped as surely as a piece of sandpaper. All kinds of repairs can be undertaken and the management make a speciality of doing repairs to business men's cars whilst their owners are at their offices.

Washing can be undertaken and completed expeditiously because the very latest high pressure systems are installed. On investigation I found that charges were remarkably reasonable, not only for garaging but for all kinds of servicing jobs. The firm are evidently out for business and have drawn up various schemes to satisfy their various customers. For instance, for 35s. twenty-one different jobs will be done to a car. The list is very comprehensive, and such an overhaul done every now and again would certainly prevent an owner from having any real trouble on the road. This particular garage, which incidentally is open all day and all night and holds one thousand cars, is only one of eight operated by the same company.

If a motorist calls in at this head garage and then makes a port of call of any of the other Lex garages he is entitled on production of the necessary card to a special discount of twenty five per cent. at the second establishment. Naturally this discount is not given on commodities such as petrol and oil. Another attractive scheme is that anyone can garage a car in this establishment for twelve hours, from midnight to midday, for the absurdly low sum of 6d., whether it is a Rolls-Royce or an Austin "Seven."

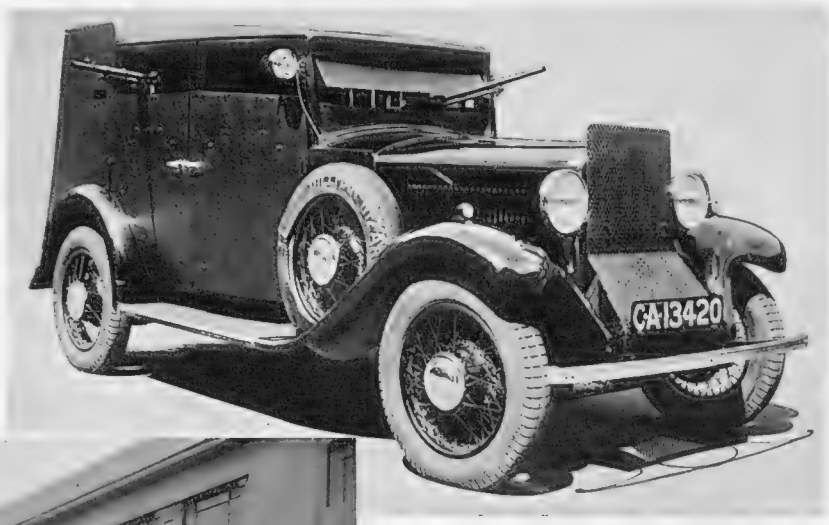
THE HOUSE OF SERVICE: The Lex Garage, Lexington Street, Piccadilly Circus, which is one of the most up-to-date establishments in London. Four huge floors accommodate the cars, and here the motorist will find changing rooms, hairdressing saloons, and even beauty parlours for the woman motorist

"ROLLING DOWN TO RIO": Part of a consignment of Humber and Hillman cars being shipped to South America per motor vessel, *Highland Brigade*. The overseas demand for these cars is a very healthy sign for Empire prosperity

FOR NEXT YEAR.—The Singer programme for 1933 is full of interest and consists of the following chassis: The 9-h.p. 4-cylinder, the 12-h.p. 4-cylinder, the 14–6-h.p. 6-cylinder, the 2-litre 6-cylinder, and the Kaye Don Silent 6-cylinder. In all these cars there is now to be found a new and exclusive method of mounting the power unit so that it is completely insulated from the chassis frame. This design naturally makes for greater smoothness and comfort for the occupants of the car. Then the new Singers have an entirely new steering system based on the worm-and-nut principle. As regards the gear-box constant-mesh gears are applied to the second, third, and top ratios, which make practically any gear change a matter of extreme simplicity and quietness. Other interesting features of these 1933 Singers are vibrationless transmission, Lockheed hydraulic brakes, double-acting hydraulic shock-absorbers, new radiator design, 12-volt electrical equipment including finger-tip controls, and smarter and roomier aluminium panelled coachwork. The prices range from £159 for the Nine saloon, to £365 for the saloon *de luxe* on the Kaye Don chassis.

A RUMOUR REFUTED.—There is no truth in the rumour which has circulated in many places that the Cork Works of Henry Ford and Sons, Ltd., in the Irish Free State, are being closed down. To enable work to proceed more efficiently certain activities which hitherto took place at Cork will in a few months be centralized at Dagenham. On the other hand, some of the work which has up till now been dealt with in the latter place is being transferred to Cork.

This interchange of machinery and organization has probably led to the false rumour which is at present going round.



A PERIPATETIC STRONGHOLD: A Hillman Wizard used by the South African Police for guarding the diamond fields of Namaqualand. It has been heavily armour-plated and machine guns working on special mountings command the front, rear, and sides

PILFERING IN PERU.—He who motors in Peru must watch those trifles which, in England, are unconsidered. At least, so one gathers from Messrs. Peruvian Autos of Lima, who, in acknowledging to Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., the safe arrival of some Hillman cars, say: "Unfortunately, people in these countries are not as honest as they seem to be in England. Thus, the first thing we had to do was to secure the spare wheel with a padlock in order to avoid any disagreeable experience on this point. We are now studying where to place the tools, as they would disappear ere long if left as they are. The little lamps on the front wings, too, must be secured in some way or else they may be stolen." It certainly seems that Lima is not a good place to leave one's car lying about without an armed guard?

A NEW COMPANY.—Owing to the greatly increased manufacturing programme of the Daimler and Lanchester Companies, following the introduction of successful new models fitted with the Daimler transmission, it has been decided to distribute the 1933 output through regular trade channels, and as a result of this change, the provincial organization of Stratton-Instone, Ltd., came to an end on July 31. After reviewing all the circumstances, including the fact that both of the senior partners (Mr. Stratton and Mr. Instone) are now deceased, it has been decided to wind up Stratton-Instone, Ltd., by voluntary liquidation.

The continuity of the business and organization so long carried out by Stratton-Instone, Ltd., at 27, Pall Mall, is assured by the formation of a new company, Stratstone, Ltd., by Mr. Joseph A. Mackle, who has been a partner of Stratton-Instone, Ltd., since its inception, and managing-director for the past six years. This new company will continue with the present staff and will act in London as Joint Distributors of Daimler and Lanchester cars.

SUCCESS OF THE SELF-CHANGING GEAR.—The International Alpine Motor Trials have ended in an overwhelming victory for British cars. The event, which takes the form of a high-speed six days tour through Germany, Australia, Italy, Switzerland, and France, includes the ascent and descent of twenty or thirty of the most formidable passes in the Alps and Dolomites, and as an all round test of endurance, speed, springing, and braking would be hard to beat. Under these conditions the self-changing Armstrong Siddeleys completed the course without loss of a single mark and won three of the highest individual awards. It shows that the self-changing gear without any auxiliary device can cope efficiently with the severest touring conditions.

Vienna

Parliament, seen from the Ringstrasse.

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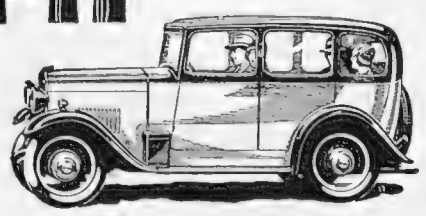

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CONTINUATION

THE DOGS

(Continued from p. 233)

The crowds never fancy a white dog. They think they are not as fast so the others. But there was one white dog who was always immensely popular. This was Dilly. He was tremendously fast over the hurdles —when he really cleared them. But he would fall as often as three times in a race. The public adored him because he was always at long odds, and he either won by lengths or was hopelessly last. Whether he won or lost, he was cheered, because he was a great comedian and really enjoyed his tumbles.

Mick the Miller was the prime favourite during his racing days, in the course of which he won nearly £14,000 in prize money. This may seem a staggering sum of money, and yet a certain peeress who owns three moderately good dogs, bred by herself, makes a regular £1,200 a year out of them in prize money, and they cost only £1 a week to keep.

If the opportunity arises, it is worth trying to get permission to see the kennels at Northaw, just outside London, where the 700 dogs which race at Harringay and the White City are kept. The estate covers 140 acres. There are twelve trainers, several of whom are ex-public schoolboys glad to earn a thousand a year away from the usual stuffy office; dozens of kennel lads, several of whom are ex-troopers from crack cavalry regiments who have done their three years with the colours; and the best dog-vet. in the country, all under the supervision of Colonel Cameron, who has been second-in-command to General Critchley in every possible unit and every capacity since 1908—a remarkable record of co-operation.

From Colonel Cameron I learnt that the usual mishaps which occur to greyhounds are cut pads, sweaty paws, sore webbing, and occasional displaced toe, broken toe-nails, and track leg, which is the canine equivalent of housemaid's knee and is caused by the strain on the near hind-leg of taking a bend at speed. Sometimes there is mental trouble. This does *not* mean that the dog gets hydrophobia. But it gets stale and turns its head at the critical moment to see how the others are doing and, of course, loses the race. It then has to be given a rest and possibly a spell of coursing.

Greyhounds are extremely temperamental. Thunder in the air may throw form out completely. It is on record that one dog actually died of nerves in a thunderstorm on the Bellevue track at Manchester. Wet grass can also make a big difference. Some dogs like heavy going, just like certain horses. When there has been very recent rain, it is often a good plan to back the favourite if it is drawn on the inside, because of the difficulty the others may have in negotiating a slippery bend. Statistics show that in ordinary circumstances the luck of the draw is a far less important factor in greyhound racing than in horse racing—compare the number of winners who draw the small numbers at Ascot with those who are drawn on the other side of the course.

Most handicappers of greyhound racing consider that a length is equivalent to ·06 seconds. It must be noted that there is no weight-for-age handicapping, for the very good reason that greyhounds never carry weight. The handicapping is done according to grades, which in turn is largely influenced by the stop-watch. On some tracks in the North, where there are still not enough greyhounds available for racing, they have a form of handicapping whereby certain traps are placed in advance of the others. But normally there is no handicapping at all. In place of it the racing manager grades the dogs according to previous performances, either in actual races or in trials.

Supposing, for example, I bought a greyhound with a view to running it at the White City, the procedure would be this: The dog would be put in the isolation kennels at Northaw for a fortnight; it would then be registered at the National Greyhound Racing Club and an identity book made out, giving details right down to the colour of its toe nails. The name of the trainer—say Rimmer—would then be suggested to me, and when he had the dog in good condition it would be given three trials on the track to estimate the grade in which it should be placed. Finally, it would be put into an actual race slightly above its class in order definitely to establish its form. From then onwards it would run as graded by the racing manager. If it turned out a real winner, it would not run almost every week like the average dog. Instead, it would be kept for the open races and the classics, which are the Derby, Oaks, Cesarewitch, Scurry Cup, Grand National, Laurels, and Wembley Gold Cup. It might win me thousands of pounds, and again, it might not.

The Editor of *The Daily Express* bought a half share in a new dog which won in a canine common canter the first time out. Its name, suitably, was Empire Crusader, and it won on the night that the Empire Crusader candidate, Sir Ernest Petter, failed to win the St. George's by-election. Fortunately, he sold his half interest to no other person than the redoubtable General Critchley; I say fortunately, because, like the defeated candidate at St. George's, it completely "pettered" out thereafter.

Roughly speaking, if a 35-lb. dog does its first 500 yards trial in 30·80 seconds you can feel pleased with yourself, because you can probably sell it on the hoof, or I should say on the paw, for a matter of £150. As to its diet, this consists of soup or meat, cabbages, leeks, onions, carrots, and barley, so palatable that the workmen employed at Northaw often ask for a dish of it. This is poured over toasted brown malted bread, and allowed to soak thereon with raw minced meat taken off the bone to give an additional impetus to the consumer's speed. A good deal, of course, depends on the trainer who, three or four years ago, was usually an Irishman, before it was discovered that as a type the Irish were too grubby to employ, most of them having been trainers of coursing greyhounds for which they got a mere 50s. a week, with the attendant low standard of living.

To-day the trainers, the kennel boys, the grading, in fact everything to do with greyhound racing, is standardized and stabilized. There is the National Greyhound Racing Society to look after the business dilemmas of the various track syndicates. There is the National Greyhound Racing Club, which deals with their sporting problem. And over everything there is the final court of appeal known as the Control Board, with my Lords Loch and Askwith as the senior members.

Such, then, is greyhound racing to-day, developed from the brainwave of an Oklahoma farmer into a stabilized industry employing a hundred thousand people, backed by £6,000,000 of capital, and attended annually by something like twenty million people. Hats off to the valet who borrowed £4 from General Critchley in the Spring of 1925 at Colonel Spender Clay's house-party at Ford Manor, Lingfield.

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The Committee have appointed Lt.-Commander Cyril W. Bower, D.S.C., R.N., to succeed Commander W. E. Prowse, R.N. (Retd.), as Captain-Superintendent of the *Arethusa* Training Ship, which is a branch of The Shaftesbury Homes, whose Headquarters are at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2. Commander Bower will take up his duties at an early date. His appointment should be of considerable assistance to the Society in its present difficulty of finding and equipping a new Ship to replace the *Arethusa* which is now reported to be too old to repair. The *Arethusa* was launched in 1849, and has been a training Ship since 1874, from which date over 10,000 boys have been trained for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.

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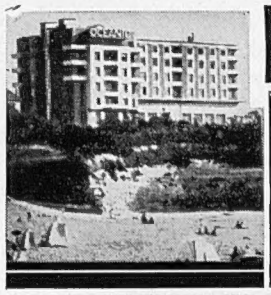

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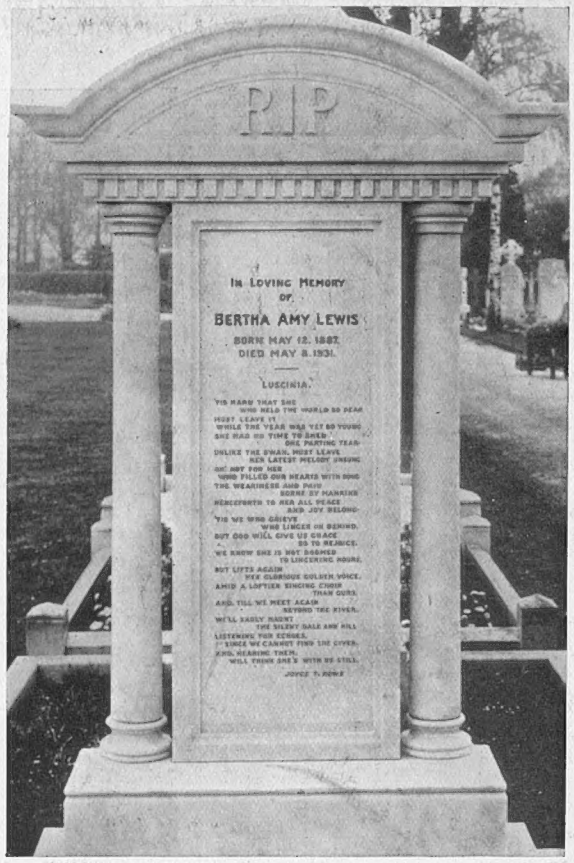

IN MEMORY OF BERTHA LEWIS: The stone erected at Cambridge bears some beautiful lines which are printed here

THE LATE BERTHA LEWIS

"Luscinia" (The Nightingale)

Fresh still in the memory of all music lovers is the name of Bertha Lewis, the famous Savoyard, who met an untimely end in a motor-car accident last year. This picture shows the memorial stone over her grave in the Borough Cemetery at Cambridge. The donor who attended the unveiling ceremony was her well-known Gilbert and Sullivan *vis-à-vis*, Sir Henry Lytton. There is a romantic little story attaching to the verse inscribed on the tombstone. One of Bertha Lewis's greatest admirers was a girl of sixteen at a Highgate convent school. She was heart-broken at the awful tragedy—just sobbed for days *and then heredity stepped in*. This schoolgirl is directly descended from Nicholas Rowe—once Poet Laureate of England, whose remains rest in Westminster Abbey. Without a word to anyone the little lady, Joyce Thirlaway Rowe, wrote out an ode to her favourite and then shyly showed it to one of her teachers, who passed it on to the reverend mother. Amazed at what she read, the latter sent it on to Sir Henry Lytton, who at once invited Joyce to call and see him. At the interview he craved permission to have an extract inscribed on the tombstone—and now here it is. Coincident with its public appearance comes the publication of Joyce Rowe's first song, "Autumn Leaves."

A. E. LAWTON.

The actual inscription runs as follows:

In Loving Memory
of
BERTHA AMY LEWIS
Born May 12, 1887
Died May 8, 1931
"Luscinia"

'Tis hard that she
who held the world so dear
Must leave it
while the year was yet so young;
She had no time to shed
one parting tear.
Unlike the swan, must leave
Her latest melody unsung.
Oh! not for her,
who filled our hearts with song,
The weariness and pain
borne by mankind.
Henceforth to her
all peace and joy belong.
'Tis we who grieve
who linger on behind;
But God will give us grace
so to rejoice
We know she is not doomed
to lingering hours,
But lifts again
her glorious golden voice
Amid a loftier singing choir
than ours.
And, till we meet again
beyond the river,
We'll sadly haunt
the silent dale and hill
Listening for echoes
since we cannot find the giver,
And, hearing them,
will think she's with us still.

JOYCE T. ROWE.

BY THE AUGUST SHORE

(*Continued from p. 222*)

fish with natural luminosity or natural electricity as opposed to the mechanical contrivances designed by mankind. Many other examples can be found, but those offered in the forepart of this article will serve to whet the appetite to further research on these subjects.

Before closing this paper, having touched on sea and land, a parting shot at lightning would be in order. That phenomenon of the heavens, awful in its grandeur at times, often sends a shudder down the back of an observer. Often I have been asked, "Has your ship ever been struck by lightning?" No, because iron ships with iron masts are never struck; being in themselves complete lightning conductors and thus offering no resistance to the passage of the electric fluid, it passes quietly down and is disseminated and lost in the waters overside. Iron is a good conductor, with water even better still.

Wood, on the contrary, is a bad conductor and offers resistance to the powerful electric fluid, suffers in consequence, and usually ends up by being smashed to splinters. In olden times many wooden ships were struck and even set on fire by lightning.

AT THE HARROGATE SHOW: Miss P. Ives and Miss J. Hare discussing events at the Harrogate Agricultural Show last week

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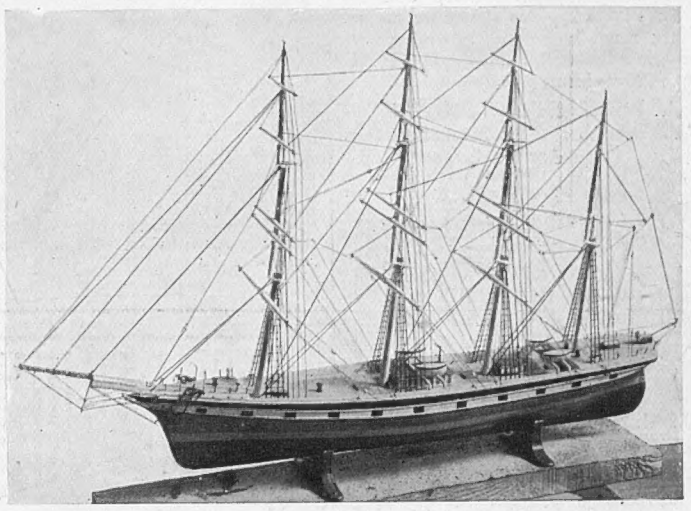

Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, are being made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

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Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
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Fowey	Fowey Hotel
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Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
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Gloucester	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Goathland	The Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
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Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
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Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens	Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
Leighton Buzzard	The Cock Hotel
Letchworth	The People's House
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandrindod Wells	Ye Wells Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell House Private Hotel, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do.	Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do.	Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, S.W.
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Do.	Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
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Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
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Looe	Fieldhead Hotel
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea	Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Nairn	Royal Marine Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	Headland Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oughterard (Co. Galway)	Corrib Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Plymouth Hoe	Hoe Mansion Hotel
Portheawl	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Cork)	Rostrevor Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	The Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaford	Battle Creek Hotel
Seaton	The Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private Hotel
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Do.	Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel,
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stonehaven	Royal Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Swanage	Craigside Hotel
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hennapyn Private Hotel
Do.	Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Roedlands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Somerset	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks.	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Do.	Wellington House Hotel, Kingsgate
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House Hotel
Woking	Heathside Hotel
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

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"The elephant rolled like a boat on a wind-less ground swell, and the sun beat down like hot brass. There was neither road nor trace of human footstep. The mahout, who was more than half-asleep, allowed the elephant to choose his own way in the general direction of the rock-ribbed hills. Chullunder Ghose sat upright underneath a black umbrella, because he could not otherwise, with any comfort, hold the thing between his fat face and the sun. Larry O'Hara sat on the other side of the howdah, also upright, because anything whatever interested him. He had the kind of blue-grey eyes that only sleep at night, and even then as trigger-lightly as a watch-dog's.

"Sahib," said the babu, "we have a proverb that the hypocrite asks always for the bird, but that the valorous man asks only for the bow and arrows."

"Well, what of it?" asked O'Hara.

"This obese and talkative babu, intimidated by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, is a Hamlet who has seen what U.S.A. Americans would call a lot of hot stuff, and a lot more cheap baloney. Life is like that: two-thirds hokum. And the other third is nearly nine-tenths stupid. Just about a tenth of one per cent. of life is hell and heaven, mixed into a drunken and beautiful madness. But that is enough. I am mad. You are mad. This elephant is mad. And so is Lalla Lingo. *Verb sap.*"

"What's wrong with the elephant?" O'Hara asked him.

"He obeys us. He could shake us off, and roll the howdah off, and run to where a hundred elephants are roaming wild and uncontaminated by a sense of duty."

"Lalla Lingo?"

"Is a man of many talents, without philosophy enough to cherish them beneath a sense of humour in the autocratic solitude he might enjoy if he were only not a propagandist. Think of him. He owns a village, whose inhabitants believe he is a god in an imported suit of Palm Beach reach-me-downs. It is an honour if he takes their women. It is privilege to them to build his house, and grow his corn, and bring him meat. He has his books, his European education, and an income that is ample for exotic needs. And yet he wants more. So he subsidizes murder—"

"We don't actually know that," said O'Hara.

"And he subsidizes the police—"

O'Hara interrupted: "That is also something that we can't prove . . ."

"CASE THIRTEEN" *by Talbot Mundy* proves that a little play acting is a useful thing, even in the Secret Service. A gripping story for an afternoon on holiday.

This beautiful signed portrait of

TALLULAH BANKHEAD

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with this issue

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"SUPPRESS THE BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE" *by Margery Lawrence*
"BIG BUSINESS" *by Gordon Beckles*

"Look here, old girl, I've been thinking it over and if you really insist I'm prepared to do all I possibly can to help you. . . ."

All Azalea's life reluctant people, looking shame-faced, had constantly come to her and said they were ready to do something for her that previously they had sworn they would never do.

In 1909, a mere Saul among prophets, on witnessing the defeat by Azalea, aged four, of her septuagenarian grandfather (educated Eton and Balliol College, Oxford; called to the bar in 1860; Q.C. 1871; King's Bench Judge 1889; Victorian to the backbone, irascible and unbending) in a battle of wills that ended in Sir Mervyn obediently crawling on her mother's dusty drawing room carpet beneath a moth-eaten tiger-skin rug, would have predicted a masterful career for the auburn-haired imp on whose bronze eyes anger seemed to encrust a greenish patina.

Nurses, their bodies stiffened by whalebone, their wills indurated and their wits sharpened by years of conflict with nursery mutineers, either walked the plank or laid down not only their arms but their entire personalities for Azalea to trample on. Other servants—even butlers who called her the little devil in their pantries—after suffering the pressure of Azalea's thumb in silence, only maintained that sturdy independence of character, which is the British domestic's birthright, by subsequently being covertly ruder than usual to Azalea's parents. . . ."

A good Society story by George Froxfield—"AZALEA ABDICATES" . . . a rather risky experiment in matrimonial strategy.

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"ARE SOME SUBJECTS UNSUITABLE FOR THE SCREEN?" *by Sydney Tremayne*
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